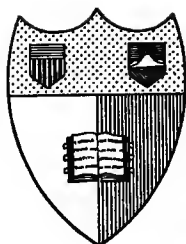


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of Fifty Years in
Christian Service



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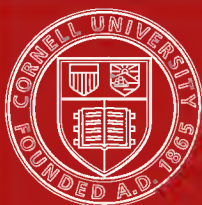
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Reminiscences of Fifty Years

in

Christian Service

BY

C. W. Winchester, A. M., D. D.
Author of "Gospel Kodak Abroad," "The Wells of Salvation,"
"The Victories of Wesley Castle," and "What
Protestants Believe."



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C. W. WINCHESTER

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PREFACE.

This book does not need much of a preface. How my "Reminiscences" came to be written, is told in the first chapter. They appear to have been greatly enjoyed by the readers of the Northern Christian Advocate, of Syracuse, N. Y. Hundreds of persons have told me so by letter and by word of mouth. Very many, some persons of much note and influence, have besought me to make a book of the newspaper leaves. This I have, at last, decided to do; and here it is.

There was no attempt at literary elegance in the writing of the "Reminiscences." I tried to tell my story in the simplest possible, every-day speech. They are published in the book almost word for word, as in the "Northern." A few errors have been corrected, some slight additions have been made and titles have been given to the chapters.

The "Reminiscences" might have been twice as long. What I might have written would have been as interesting as what has been given to the public. But I had to end somewhere.

The last article was published in the "Northern" of March 25, 1915. I subjoin an editorial comment, published in the same issue, for which the Editor has the thanks of this author:

"With this issue closes a series of articles by

Dr. C. W. Winchester on "Reminiscences of Fifty Years of Christian Service." This has been a most interesting and profitable series. Great numbers of our readers have written the editor commending these articles. A distinguished member of the faculty of one of our theological schools wrote us that this was the best series running in any Methodist publication and that every young Methodist preacher should read them. Dr. Winchester is not only a man of broad experience, but a versatile writer. More than this, he is an able advocate of spiritual holiness such as John Wesley preached. We are extremely glad that we can assure our readers that Dr. Winchester will contribute further articles from time to time."

CHARLES WESLEY WINCHESTER.

Kenmore, N. Y., July 9, 1915.

CHAPTER I.

ENTERING COLLEGE.

At the first of the year 1914 I received a telegram from the editor of "The Northern Christian Advocate," asking me if I would contribute a series of articles on "Reminiscences of Fifty Years in Christian Service." An immediate answer by wire was desired. Being in an obliging mood, I said "Yes." I did not definitely notice the word "fifty" in the telegram, as it came from the Western Union office by phone. If I had, I should have said, I have not been in the ministry fifty years, and should have suggested a change in the title of the reminiscences. Thinking the matter over, a little later, I said to myself, I will go back fifty years and see where I shall land, and, behold, I saw myself just entering college. That is a good place at which to begin.

I shall not make any excuse for the frequent and excessive use of the pronouns I and me and my and mine. I shall write what interests me. If no one else is interested, and if the Editor, at any time, suggests that I have written enough, I I shall not be angered or surprised.

Fifty years ago last September I became a student in Genesee College at Lima, N. Y. I came from the State of New Hampshire. That I should

have turned my back on all the grand, great, old colleges of New England and come out to this little, new, struggling institution seems strange to me even now. But I do not regret that I did. I believe that I was divinely directed for my highest intellectual, moral and spiritual good. The human instrument in bringing me to Lima was the Rev. M. C. Dean, for the last forty-seven years a member of Genesee Conference, who was principal of the Conference Seminary in Vermont where I was fitted for college.

Genesee was a small college, though she had the vitality and strength to become the mother of the mighty Syracuse University. The average number of students, while I was there, was not far from one hundred and fifty—possibly two hundred. All the colleges were comparatively small in those days. Yale could graduate only about one hundred annually, in the regular literary courses. Nearly a whole generation of the finest young men in the nation had gone into the army to fight for the salvation of the Union, and more than half of them never came back. The Republic misses them today, and always will. And then why should not the colleges be larger now than they were in 1863, when the population of the country is three times as great? Genesee College had only one building, though it was beautiful and commodious for those days. She had a faculty of only five professors, including the president. Rev. John Morrison Reid, afterward

editor of the Western Christian Advocate and the Northwestern Christian Advocate, and Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was President and Professor of Intellectual and Moral Science. He was a grand preacher, whom we all greatly admired and were always glad to hear. He was a fine model for all the students who aspired to be orators. He was also a good instructor, though the pulpit was his throne of power rather than the professor's chair.

James L. Alverson, a layman, was Professor of Mathematics. Doctor Alverson was dignity personified. Sitting in his chair in the recitation room, he always made me think of old Jupiter sitting on Mount Olympus, just ready to hurl a thunderbolt at the head of some rebellious mortal. But Dr. Alverson never hurled any thunderbolts. He did not need to. He was always kind and gracious, with a smile mingling with the expression of dignity which sat on his face. He never had any occasion to hurl a thunderbolt. The slightest approach to a frown or the faintest hint of disapprobation, indicated by him in any way, was sufficient to bring the most cantankerous student to instant order and good behavior. We would no more think of misbehaving ourselves in Dr. Alverson's presence than in the presence of an archangel. He was tall, erect, well-proportioned, beardless, handsome, sweet-voiced, precise, dignified, elegant, immaculate. I never saw him

when he did not wear a blue, swallow-tailed coat, adorned with brass buttons. We boys used to wonder (I did) whether he ever took that coat off. We wondered whether he ever took off that expression of smiling dignity and perfect calmness and talked about common things in a common way; whether he ever laughed aloud; whether he ever lost his temper; whether he ever did anything that was not perfectly dignified; whether Zeus ever came down from Mount Olympus. There was a tradition in the college that one of the literary societies once took offense at something which Dr. Alverson did, or did not do, that showed partiality for the opposing society, and passed a resolution inviting him to resign his professorship in the college. A committee of three was created to wait on the doctor and notify him that he must leave. They got together one morning, before chapel devotions, and knocked at the professor's recitation room door. The dignified voice with which they were so familiar, answered "Come." In they crept. They were motioned to a seat. When the mice found themselves in the presence of the lion, their bravery had evaporated and they were dumb. Shaking with fear they looked at each other for a spokesman. Seeing their embarrassment the kind doctor sought to relieve it by asking: "Young gentlemen, is there anything I can do for you this morning?" Then they had to blurt out their business in brief and undiplomatic speech. The doctor manifested no

more emotion than he would have shown had they brought him a series of laudatory resolutions engrossed on parchment. After a minute or two of silence, the doctor said, in the calm manner in which he always spoke: "Young gentlemen, is there anything more you would like to say?" When they indicated in some way that there was nothing more, he closed the interview by politely waving his hand and saying, "Well, you can retire;" and that was all that ever came of the affair. Dr. Alverson was a most excellent teacher. He used but a few words; but few words from him would cast such a flood of the whitest light on a knotty problem as no other teacher, I ever had in mathematics, knew how to emit.

Rev. Samuel A. Lattimore was Professor of Natural Science. He was a most admirable teacher. We all respected and loved him. He was dignified, but his dignity was of a different kind from that of our mathematical professor. He was approachable. He was a mortal like ourselves. I have always thought of him as the most perfect gentleman I ever knew. He left Lima in 1867 and became professor of science in Rochester University, where he won a world-wide reputation as a chemist and where he died hardly one year ago.

William Wells, a layman, was our Professor of Modern Languages. He was a wonderful teacher. What he did not know about the origin and construction and pronunciation and literature

of those languages could be put into a very small book. He seemed to me to know more about more things than any other person I ever knew. In the recitation room he usually held a quill tooth-pick between his teeth. You could tell from the way in which he held it about what standing you were making. If the instrument was held motionless, your marking would be in the close neighborhood of 100. If it was gently agitated, you might expect 80 or 85. If it was violently contorted, you could count on about 50. But if he chewed it as though he intended to swallow it, you might know that your attempt to make a good recitation was an absolute failure. Professor Wells was Principal of Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, as well as professor in the College, when I went to Lima. In 1864 he resigned both positions and became a member of the faculty of Union College, where he died after a long and very successful career.

My favorite teacher at Lima was Rev. Daniel Steele, Professor of Ancient Languages. The hours which I spent in his room, reciting in Latin and Greek, were among the very happiest in my life. He was a thorough scholar and a most thorough and delightful teacher. He possessed the teaching gift in a very high degree. I loved him and delighted in him above any other teacher whom I ever knew. He had a quaint humor which threw a delightful atmosphere around all his teaching. He incidentally taught us a great deal

beside Latin and Greek, which had much to do with making us men and Christians. He stayed in Genesee College as long as her name remained, and went, with her soul, to Syracuse, where he became vice president and the acting head of the new University. I think he made a mistake when he left the educational work and returned to the pastorate.

Dr. Alverson died just after the beginning of my second year and, after a short interval, was succeeded by John R. French, a layman. He went to Syracuse and was connected with the University till his death several years ago. He was very different from Dr. Alverson; but was a grand man and an excellent teacher. Professor Wells' immediate successor was Rev. Gideon Draper, who resigned at the end of one year. He impressed himself upon the students religiously more than in any other way. He organized a meeting for the promotion of Christian Holiness, which was productive of great good. It was understood among the students that that fact had much influence with faculty and trustees in making his term of service very brief. His successor was Rev. Wellesley P. Coddington, whose praises were recently sounded in connection with his death.

The successor of President Reid was Rev. Dr. John W. Lindsay. The students considered him a better instructor than Dr. Reid; but he was not as good a preacher and did not enjoy as great

popularity. He gave me my diploma in 1867 and resigned to accept a position in Boston Theological Seminary, in 1868.

Thank God for these teachers! I am confident that I could not have been more highly favored had I gone to Wesleyan or Harvard or Yale. They have all gone to the other shore.

CHAPTER II.

COLLEGE LIFE.

I am confident that I got as much intellectual good at Genesee College as I could have secured at any of the older and more famous institutions. To sit three solid hours, five days every week for four years, face to face with such mature scholars as Reid, Alverson, Lattimore, Wells, Steele, Lindsay, Draper, French and Coddington, searched by their questions, illuminated by their knowledge, corrected by their criticism, inspired by their enthusiasm and molded by their personalities, was mental training of the very best kind. Surely it was better than to be under the tuition of raw tutors, even though more famous professors than Genesee's faculty contained sat in the background to be seen and heard now and then. Genesee's one building did not cost more than forty or fifty thousand dollars. I do not know how we students would have been any better off, if she had had twenty buildings worth three million dollars. We were a little company of about one hundred and eighty men and twenty women. I do not know why any one of us would have fared any better, if we had numbered three thousand. If strong, brainy, cultured, noble, consecrated teachers and alert, ambitious, purposeful, hard-working students make a college, Genesee was one

of the best colleges in the world. Genesee did not pretend to be anything but a college. She was not equipped for any professional or technical work. But, desiring a strong literary course, I believe I was as well served by her as I could have been by any institution on the continent. Genesee College had two rigid courses—no electives, no substitutes. There was the four years' Classical Course, heavily weighted down with Latin, Greek and Mathematics, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts; and the three years' Scientific Course, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science. Both courses had a year each of French and German. The chief difference between the two courses was that Greek was left out of the shorter. I am fully persuaded that the best possible college course is the old-fashioned Classical Course, whether the student is looking toward the ministry, law, medicine, engineering, politics or business. I am glad I took just the course I did.

The recitation room did not afford us our only means of intellectual culture at Genesee. We had two splendid literary societies, the Aletheon and the Atticeum. Every Friday night there was a debate, in which every member must take part, and an essay or oration. The president of the Society summed up the arguments and decided which side was the victor. Every member had to take his turn in presenting an essay or oration. Each Society had a well-furnished room and a

good library. The weekly meetings were private. Each Society held one public meeting each term, or three a year, in the College Hall, to which the crowd always came to see which was the stronger society and who was the best writer, debater or orator. There was always a debate, an oration, and an address by the President; and every man was under the strongest motive to do his best. The highest honor on the hill was to be chosen Anniversary President of one of the literary societies. There was no event that aroused more interest Commencement week than the addresses by the two Presidents.

The College itself imposed work in writing and speaking. There was the Freshman Prize Contest in Declamation, the third term; Junior Exhibition, in the winter; and Commencement, with every member of the graduating class taking part by oration or essay, in the summer. Then, every morning, at Chapel exercises, through the year, some junior or senior was compelled to stand on the rostrum, with the Faculty behind and the student body in front, and deliver a piece of his, or her, own production. The women could read; the men must orate. That was about the most trying position I ever got into. But the experience was exceedingly valuable to me.

Genesee College did nothing for the physical training of its students. We had no gymnasium or athletic field. The College and Seminary boys played baseball out on the Seminary Campus;

and each man took such exercise as he chose, or was compelled to take, in walking, or sawing, splitting and transporting his firewood, or swinging dumb-bells in his room. I am not conscious that I lost anything, while in college, by not having access to a gymnasium or belonging to a football team. I venture the assertion that vastly too much attention is given to college athletics in these days. Too much gym is worse than no gym at all. If college boys would exercise their brains more, and their muscles less, they would come out better and stronger men. The highest college honors now are won on the athletic field. When I was in college, the highest honors were won on the floor of debate and in the recitation room.

We had all sorts of fun at Genesee—mostly innocent. The college boys had good times with the college and seminary girls; and a large number of splendid matches were made. We had “Ringrusts” by the Freshmen, and “Burnings of Calculus” by Juniors, and “Celebration of the American Eagle” by all. But our fun was not all perfectly innocent. Once the animals got out of the Museum and mounted the roof of College Hall; and, two or three times, the feelings of the faculty were disturbed by “mock-schemes,” whose authors intended no harm.

The religious life of Genesee College was very strong. A large majority of the students were earnest Christians. Powerful revivals often swept through the College and Seminary. A

mighty prayer meeting, for the hundreds of the two institutions, was held every Thursday night in the Seminary Chapel, and with a professor for leader.

There were singing and prayer and reading of the Bible every school-day morning in College Chapel. There were class-meetings Wednesday nights, led by professors in their recitation rooms. There was a College and Seminary Church, made up of the faculties of the two institutions and all students who wished to be included, with the President of the College, duly appointed by the Bishop, as pastor. Every Sunday afternoon, in term time, a grand church service was held in our beautiful College Chapel, at which a sermon was preached, to a crowded house, by one of the ministerial members of the two faculties or some visiting or invited minister. The Presiding Elder of the District, to which the College and Seminary Church belonged, often preached, when he came around. The Sacrament of the Holy Communion was administered once every term. The preachers whom we most liked to hear were President Reid and Professor Steele. In those days Professor Steele always read his sermons; but he knew how to read. He once told me that his physician had ordered him to read, to save himself from the nervous strain of delivery without manuscript. Such a delivery usually left him utterly exhausted. What a blessed memory I have of those Sunday afternoon services in College Chapel!

I recall a very unusual event which took place one Sunday afternoon. The Rev. Dr. William Nast, the Apostle of German Methodists, was visiting his son, the present editor of *The Christian Apologist*, who was a member of my class, and was invited to preach. He read every word of his sermon. In the midst of the discourse he stopped, fumbled his sheets of paper for a long time (it seemed a long time to his sympathetic audience) and, turning to the President, who sat with him on the platform, said: "Dr. Reid, I have left a part of my sermon in your office." Dr. Reid sprang from his chair and literally ran out of the room and down a long flight of stairs. It seemed as though he would never return. But he soon came running back and handed the preacher the lost sheets, and the sermon was finished in due form and time.

The ruling spirits of Genesee College were not friendly to the Wesleyan doctrine and experience of entire sanctification. I have related how Professor Draper was believed by the students to have been driven from the institution because he held meetings in his recitation room for the promotion of the "Higher Christian Life." The last time he appeared at chapel exercises the students showed their sympathy for him by presenting him with a gold headed cane, through one of their number, who walked up on the platform, before the President dismissed the assembly, and delivered the testimonial, and a speech which was more

complimentary to the recipient than to his fellow teachers.

During one of my years at Lima, Miss Frances E. Willard was preceptress of the Seminary. She came there all aglow with divine love and, in the general prayer meeting, gave clear testimony to the power of the blood of Jesus Christ to cleanse from all sin. The college professor, who was leading the meeting, rebuked her, and told her that doctrine was not acceptable in that latitude.

Professor Steele (he was not Doctor in those days) was a very bitter opponent of "the second blessing" doctrine. One Sunday morning he preached against it in the village church, telling his hearers that John Wesley never taught or believed any such thing. At the close of the sermon Father Kent, an aged veteran of the Cross, whose memory went back almost to the beginning of the Methodist Episcopal Church, arose and rebuked the preacher and told the people that what they had just heard was not Methodism and was contrary to Scripture. Not long after Professor Steele had an experience which has made him the great champion of the doctrine of perfect love.

Notwithstanding the opposition to the cardinal doctrine of Wesleyanism, Lima was a good place for those who wished to live a holy life.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY RELIGIOUS LIFE.

I cannot well go further with these reminiscences without saying something about my religious experience and life. It has been well said that a person's life begins far back of his birth. My ancestors, on my father's side, were godly men for many generations. The same was true of my mother's family. John, the earliest Winchester of whom we have any positive knowledge, came to New England from Old England, in the year 1635, and settled in what is now Brookline, near the city of Boston. He fled from the old country to escape religious persecution, in the reign of Charles I. His descendants, like himself, for three generations, belonged to what was called "the Standing Order." It was the Congregational Church, the only church known to the law. Everybody had to pay taxes for its support. No one could vote at town-meeting who was not a church member. The town-meeting elected the pastor and all church officials. Jonathan Winchester, the great-great-grandson of John and my great-grandfather, a Revolutionary soldier, removed to the State of New Hampshire at about the time of the struggle between the Colonies and the Mother Country. There he became a Methodist, under

the preaching of the earliest itinerants who penetrated to that northern wilderness. He is mentioned in Asbury's journal. That famous Bishop often slept under the roof of his log cabin and preached to the settlers, who gathered from near and far, in his barn. Jonathan Winchester had a son and grandson who bore his name and imbibed his religious convictions. So I am a Methodist of the fourth generation. If any one can be called a birthright Methodist, I am entitled to that honor. I began to attend Methodist Sunday school and Methodist preaching so early in life that I cannot remember the first time.

I grew toward manhood with a strong religious nature. Though I was not born holy, I was born with something in my soul which compelled me to think on religious things. From a very little child I never went to bed without kneeling in prayer in the room where I slept. When I entered college I was reading the Bible through by course the twelfth time. My religious home training was of the very best kind. My parents were consistent Christians. I cannot recall an act or word on their part which I could not safely imitate. They taught me the way of life and salvation by precept and example. As a result of their teachings and example, and the restraining influences which they and the Church threw around me, I grew up without any bad habits, and my outward life was as correct before my conversion as it has ever been since.

I always wanted to do right. I cannot remember when I did not reverence God and desire to do his will. If the new doctrine taught by the Sunday School Department of the Methodist Episcopal Church is true, I was a Christian and needed no conversion. If the theory of the Sunday School Journal is sound, I ought to have been received into the Church on probation and into full connection. But that theory is not sound. The Methodist leaders who teach it ought to be silenced. I was an unregenerate sinner; and I knew it. As early as the age of ten—I think earlier—I was powerfully convicted of sin. Though there was no particular sin which I had wilfully committed, it seemed to me that I was the greatest sinner in the world. My greatest defect of character was a fiery temper, which often got the better of my will and threw me into violent volcanic eruptions. These were always brief, and were followed by longer periods of bitter remorse. This, and the ever-present conviction that I was a sinner, gave me many sleepless nights and caused me unspeakable sorrow. If I had only confided my feelings to father or mother, I might have been led right into the experience of pardon and regeneration. But, although I had most perfect confidence in my parents, I kept my feelings to myself and groaned under the burden of sin for four dreadful years. Many times I went to bed at night not daring to sleep lest I should wake up among the lost. Often I would throw myself

upon the outside of the bed, in my clothes, determined that I would not go to sleep. But, in a few minutes, overpowering slumber would seize me and hold me captive till morning. Then I would fall upon my knees and thank a merciful God that I was alive and out of perdition, and make a solemn vow that I would do right and be right all that day. But, alas, the next night would be like the one before; and my broken vows would be repeated, with tears and sobs of agony.

One summer day, when I was about twelve years old, the rain drove father and me in from the field where we were at work. According to his custom, father got a book and began to read aloud. I was expected to listen. That time the book was a volume of Spurgeon's sermons; and the particular sermon was one on the Judgment. As father read on, I got under such awful conviction that I writhed in my chair as though it had been hot iron. At length I made some excuse to get out of the house and went up on the haymow, in the barn, and rolled upon the hay in perfect agony. I almost wished myself dead, only to die would be to drop "alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone." The teachers of the "New Theology" may minify sin and tell us that children are born holy and need not be "born again," but I know by bitter experience that their doctrine is a lie. In spite of my birth from godly ancestors and my careful training and my resolutions to do right, I was a sinner and had to be

born again. I was in an agony that day, on the haymow, because the Holy Spirit was showing me that my heart was enmity against God. It was not any particular act of sin which I had committed; but I was guilty of the unspeakable sin of not loving a being of infinite goodness and love.

But, in the infinite mercy of God, a mighty revival of religion visited that section of the old Granite State. It was a wave of the nation-wide revival of 1857 and 1858, by which the Almighty was preparing the Republic for the awful storm of Civil War, which He knew was soon to come. The village of Claremont, of some five or six thousand inhabitants, to which my father had removed, seemed to be swept almost clean of sinners. Hundreds and hundreds were converted. One night, in the Methodist Church, of which the Rev. O. L. Jasper was pastor, I went forward for prayers and found comfort and, at least, a partial rest almost immediately. It was easy to surrender to God, and He was ready to receive my surrender. But I think the moment when I crossed the line between Satan's realms and the kingdom of God was after I had gone to bed that night. Mother came up to tuck me in and get the lamp. That blessed woman, always so sweet and gentle that I cannot remember that she ever struck me a blow or spoke a cross word, bent over my pillow and kissed my lips with the words, "Charlie, I am glad that you have made up your mind to be a Christian." I believe that God's kiss of peace and

reconciliation came at the same instant with my dear mother's kiss.

The peace which came into my heart when I was fourteen years old has never wholly left me. I soon went away to a Conference Seminary to prepare for college. I became so engrossed in study that I fell into the habit of neglecting some of the means of grace. In college I never took the decided stand for Christ which I knew I ought. I always attended the Sunday services; I usually attended the Wednesday evening class-meeting at the college; I maintained a correct Christian deportment; I attended strictly to my books and always had my lessons when I went to recitation. But I exerted no positive influence for Christ among my fellow students; I never prayed aloud; I never did the first stroke of personal work for souls. If I had put forth half as much effort to induce young men to give their hearts to Jesus as I did to persuade them to join my fraternity, I might have been one of the greatest soul-winners on that classic hill.

One bright afternoon in the month of May, in my Senior year, I sat in my room, with my feet on the window seat. I got to thinking what a poor, wretched specimen of a Christian I was. I thought of all which I have written above. Suddenly I felt the presence of some person standing behind my chair. It was as real to me as though there had been a man in the room with me, where I knew I was alone. I have thought of it

a thousand times since; and it seems just as real to me now. There was some person there; it was God. At the same instant there seemed to be a voice, which said, "You are not living as you ought. You ought to take a more decided stand for me." "I know it," was my reply. "You must come out squarely for me, and do all you can for my glory and to spread my truth." "I know I ought to; but I can't while I remain here. I began wrong when I entered college. It is too late to turn over a new leaf here. If you will let me alone now, I promise you that just as soon as I get away from here, I will begin again, and will do every duty and live wholly for you." "Very well," said the voice, "I will take you at your word. I will let you alone now; but I shall hold you strictly to your promise." The voice ceased and the speaker seemed to retire. Then and there I registered a solemn vow that, as soon as I got away from college, I would begin anew my Christian life and would live wholly for Him who purchased me on the cross. That vow I have never intentionally and consciously broken.

Such, briefly, is the story of my religious life down to the time when I was graduated from Genesee College, on the 11th day of July, 1867.

CHAPTER IV.

TEACHING AND TAUGHT.

When I entered college it was my purpose to prepare for the profession of teaching in the department of ancient languages. Before I was through my course I was half-minded to study and practice law. But, at my graduation, I had not the faintest expectation of ever entering the ministry. I had never thought of that as a possibility. I cannot recall that anybody had ever said a word to me about preaching. If that had been proposed I should have said: "I have great respect for the gospel ministry. But I think no one ought to engage in that holy vocation without a special, divine call. That I have not received. Beside, I do not think I possess the first qualification for the pulpit." I turned away from the law because I was heavily in debt for my education and must do something immediately, to replenish my worse than empty purse. So I turned toward teaching with all my original ardor.

Professor Coddington was very desirous that I should have the professorship of Greek and Latin in the Oneida Conference Seminary at Cazenovia, N. Y., from which he had come to Genesee College in 1866. He told me that he was confident that I could fill the position with credit to

myself and my alma mater; that he had presented my name to the board of trustees, and that he felt sure of my election. I received many invitations to good positions, but declined them all at the advice of Professor Coddington. However, the trustees at Cazenovia saw fit to choose another man, and I was left like a stranded ship. But in December I was offered the professorship of Greek and German in Fairfield Seminary, Fairfield, Herkimer county, N. Y. I could also have the vice principalship with \$100 more of salary. This I declined, wishing to devote all my spare time and energies to the study of philology and kindred subjects.

Fairfield is a small village, back among the hills, seven miles north of Little Falls. Fairfield Seminary was an old institution, under no church control. It was, at the beginning, a medical college. A split among the professors killed it; but, in dying, it gave birth to two other medical schools, Buffalo and Geneva. Geneva, long afterward, became the medical department of Syracuse University. Fairfield Seminary numbered among its graduates many illustrious men, such as Albert Barnes, the great divine and commentator; and Professor Hadley, the author of the Greek grammar which bears his name and the father of the present president of Yale University.

When I was connected with Fairfield it was a well-equipped and flourishing institution. It

had five large and commodious buildings, three of which were solidly built of stone, good libraries and apparatus, able instructors and an extensive constituency. I do not remember how many students it had while I was there; but there were over one hundred who boarded in the institution. The principal was the Rev. J. B. Petten, A. M. He had gone into the Union army at the outbreak of the Civil War, from a pastorate in the Black River Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, as chaplain. He came out of the war a Brevet Brigadier General. When I went to Fairfield he had just been elected to the Senate of the State of New York. His relation to the church was that of a local preacher. Till the legislature adjourned in the following spring, he was absent in Albany most of the time and the duties of principal were discharged by Professor Carpenter, the vice-principal. I soon saw that I had made no mistake in declining that office.

My work was heavy enough for a beginner. I had eight recitations each day, except Saturday and Sunday, each recitation covering three-quarters of an hour. I also had charge of a building full of boys, calling themselves young men, some of them as lawless as state's prison convicts. Then I presided at one of the tables in the dining room; took part in conducting morning and evening devotions in the Seminary chapel; and had to hold myself ready to discharge the duties of policeman anywhere on the grounds at any time by day or

night. All that for six hundred dollars, plus board, lights, heat and furnished room.

As soon as I was established in Fairfield Seminary I recalled the vow which I made at Genesee College when the Almighty came and stood behind my chair and seemed to speak in an audible voice. I had never forgotten that hour, and I never could. Now I began to redeem that pledge. My surroundings conspired to help and to compel me to do as I had vowed I would. At every meal in the great dining room, in the presence of a hundred students and half a score of teachers, the blessing was asked before the food was served and thanks were offered after the repast. Twice every day the Scriptures were read and prayer was offered in the Seminary chapel. Every Wednesday evening some one conducted a student and teachers' prayer meeting in one of the largest recitation rooms. I was one of four male teachers who had all of this Christian work to perform. There was no escape if I had desired to find one. So I did my duty, though sometimes the cross was very heavy. There were many things which helped me to live a Christian life. There was a little Methodist Church in the village. The pastor was the Rev. William H. Annable. He was delighted to have some Methodist professors in the Seminary. Why he singled me out I do not know. There was Vice-Principal Carpenter, who was a local preacher; but he let him alone and pressed me into service. I suppose the Lord led

him to do this to help me to keep my vow. He asked me to do many things to help him. Not seldom, at a Sunday morning or evening preaching service, he would say: "Will Professor Winchester come forward and lead in prayer?" The first time this took place it almost took my breath. To pray before the students at chapel exercises was bad enough; but to go up the aisle of the church and kneel by the side of the communion table and pray! It really seemed to me that it would kill me. But I always responded to the call and did the best I could for three reasons. In the first place, I was a Methodist, and I would not go back on a Methodist minister in the presence of a lot of Baptists, Presbyterians and Episcopalians. That was the only church in the place which had regular services, and the congregation contained representatives of almost every denomination in the United States. In the second place, it would never do for the Professor of Greek and German in Fairfield Seminary to back down and show the white feather when he was called upon to do such a little thing as to pray. If he could not pray, people would think he could not teach Greek and German. In the third place, I had promised God that I would do every duty if it killed me. So I marched up the aisle and prayed. But I could not tell one minute after I rose from my knees what I had been saying, and, as I went back to my pew I was as wet with perspiration as though I had been mowing away hay

in the peak of a barn on a hot summer day. I would have given a month's salary at any time rather than perform that duty. But I did it again and again, and gained new strength every time. God was giving me a severe course of training in His spiritual gymnasium to fit me for future happiness and usefulness. I took the instruction like a hero, paid the tuition like a man and grew stronger every day. I soon got where I enjoyed religion, which before I had only endured. I can see now that I grew in grace the first three months at Fairfield more than I had during the previous ten years of my Christian life.

But I was not satisfied. Strange as it may seem, the farther I advanced the more dissatisfied I became. At first my dissatisfaction was very vague and indefinite. When I tried to analyze my mental states and operations I could not tell what was the matter with myself. I was sure I was a child of God, and I had a growing relish for divine things. And yet I felt that there was a great lack somewhere; something was the matter with my religious experience.

At about the same time several things happened which helped to open my eyes and make me see what I needed to perfect my religious experience. One evening a student (now a very well known member of the Genesee Conference) called at my room under a great burden of conviction to have me pray for him and help him to find the Savior. I did the best I could; but, after he was

gone, I said to myself: "How weak I am. Here I have been a professor of religion and a member of the church for ten years and yet I have so little of the life of God in my soul that I could not afford that boy much help to get to Jesus. What if he had come to me to translate a sentence for him in Greek and I had made as poor work as I have just made? What would I do? I would resign my position at once. If I did not know any more about Greek than I do about experimental religion I would stop calling myself a professor of Greek. I must get a great deal better experience than I now have or I shall soon have none at all."

The pastor of the Methodist Church held a protracted meeting in the month of February. He asked me to help him. This I promised to do, remarking, however, that I was wholly unfitted for such service. But I attended as frequently as I could and put forth every effort I knew how. I prayed and testified and, sometimes, exhorted after a fashion. But how weak I felt. My constant cry to God was: "More power! More power!" "Here I am," I said to myself, "trying to pull sinners out of the rushing, roaring river of sin just above the awful Niagara of eternal damnation and it requires nearly all my strength and skill to keep my own head above the water." An unsaved man I was not. A backslider I was not. A child of God I knew I was. And yet so weak! so weak!

One evening the presiding elder, the Rev. J. B. Foote, preached at the church. His theme was "Heart Purity." So far as I can recall, I had never heard a sermon on that subject. In the light of that discourse I saw just what I needed and, in a general way, I saw how to obtain it. After the service I was introduced to the presiding elder. The first thing he said, as he grasped my hand, was: "Professor, you have no business here. You ought to be preaching the gospel!" That was the first time in all my life that anyone ever spoke to me on that subject; and the words made no particular impression at the moment.

At about that time God Himself took me in hand. He turned His great searchlight full upon me and showed me the depths of my inmost soul. I looked down into it as into a well a hundred feet deep and saw it was full of crawling, slimy, venomous, deadly things. I saw my angry temper as I had never seen it before. Then I was fearfully ambitious. I could not bear to have anyone surpass me. I had been so in college. My desire to excel had always been an all-consuming passion. I was proud and sensitive to the last degree. I had always known and deplored it. Now I saw it as never before, and I loathed myself with unutterable loathing. I had an awful will which did not like to yield to anything on earth or in heaven. My master desire had always been to have my own way. When God thus

searched my heart, I thought I could understand how Lucifer felt when he raised a rebellion among the angels and undertook to dethrone the Almighty. I saw something in myself which, if it could have its way, would hurl the Creator from His throne. I was horrified at what I saw, and groaned aloud like one undergoing the torture of the rack. I was on the rack.

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CHAPTER V.

THE BATTLE BEGUN.

In my last chapter of Reminiscences I tried to tell how the Holy Spirit made me see my need of a clean heart. I said I loathed myself. And yet I felt no condemnation. The Spirit did not show me any sin which I was committing. But He did show me that I had sinful passions in my heart, which were ready at any time to burst out into sinful words and acts. Those things within me, which made my soul anything but a heaven of peace and love, were there without my consent. They had been there from my birth, from the very beginning of my existence. They gave me no sense of guilt; but they did make me feel as though I were a slave, and I longed to be free. I read the words of David: "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity and in sin did my mother conceive me," and I said: "That is I." I recalled Paul: "The carnal mind is enmity against God; it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be;" and I said: "I have the carnal mind and cannot serve God as I would. There is something in me that must be taken out before I can enter heaven. Why not now? God will have to do the work if it is ever done," I reasoned with myself. "If God is a holy and almighty being, why will He not

give me a holy heart at once?" The presiding elder said He would. So I began to pray: "Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me."

From that time on I was an earnest seeker for a clean heart. For fifteen months I sought with all my soul. I was praying for a clean heart almost all the time when I was not obliged to be about my official duties or was not asleep. I spent many sleepless nights searching the Bible and praying the Psalmist's prayer. With my concordance I went through the Bible, examining every passage which alludes to holiness and purity of heart. I read that part of the Methodist Hymn Book which bore the title, "Sanctification." I read it again and again. I read no other book on the subject of purity except Dr. Boardman's "Higher Life." That gave me considerable light; but not much real help. I longed intensely for the sympathy and counsel of some one who had passed through the same experience as myself and had obtained the blessing of a clean heart. I did not know where to find such a person. I went to my pastor and unburdened my soul. But he could give me no help. All he had to say was that he believed in the Wesleyan doctrine of entire sanctification; every Methodist preacher had to believe it, or say that he did. But he had never experienced the blessing. He did go forward for a clean heart once at a camp meeting; but he did not get anything and he gave it up. I went away

from the parsonage, after that interview, groaning in spirit and saying to myself: "What are pastors for, if they cannot help a poor fellow like me in such trouble as this?"

In the midst of those terrible fifteen months two very important events took place. One Sunday morning as I was sitting in the gallery of the Fairfield Methodist Church with the choir, of which I was a member, I heard the same voice which spoke to me that May afternoon at Genesee College and felt the presence of the same being behind the chair. This time the voice spoke in a very soft, but very distinct, whisper, as though the speaker's lips were close to my right ear. I do not say that there was really a voice. But I believed then, and I firmly believe now, after the lapse of forty-six years, that God did actually speak to my soul. The voice said: "Don't you think you ought to preach?" That was all—a huge interrogation point. But I could not get rid of it for many, many months. Unless my mind was very intently fixed on something else I could see that great, black, crooked sign dancing and making faces at me in the air. From that time on I could not, without a strong effort of the will, hear a sermon without making one of my own on the same text as the minister went on with his discourse—a thing which had never been before.

The other event was my marriage to a Lima girl, who was graduated from Genesee Wesleyan Seminary the same year in which I was graduated

from Genesee College. She was the daughter of a Methodist minister and an earnest Christian. She soon knew all about my spiritual troubles and became a seeker with me of the Pentecostal blessing. Together we searched the Scriptures to know the mind of God on this subject. Together we spent many seasons and many hours of prayer.

Meanwhile, my agony of soul was becoming more intense. I had consecrated all to God; I knew I had. I was willing to do anything the All-wise might require. One day I remember that I said to my wife, "If God commands I will preach the gospel; or I will go as a missionary to the most distant islands of the sea; or I will sell my books and resign my professorship and take a shovel and go to digging ditches. I know what Jesus meant by hungering and thirsting after righteousness. I am sure that no castaway at sea ever longed for food and water as I long for the fulness of the Divine Spirit. I cannot think of anything—not even heaven—that I want a thousandth part as much as I want to have my heart cleansed from all sin. If that blessing were a hundred feet away, and the only way to reach it were to walk to it with naked feet over red-hot bricks, I know I would start for it without a moment's hesitation. I must have it or I shall die. I will seek it till I have it or till I die."

I spent hours and hours on my knees pleading and groaning for a clean heart. Whenever I could catch a moment between recitations I would

lock the door and throw myself upon my knees. My very breath was prayer. Once on the cars, returning from a vacation trip, I saw a man to whom I had never been introduced but whom I had seen, when in college, conducting a revival meeting with a praying band, of which he was leader. I said to myself: "That is a devoted man of God; he must know all about this doctrine and experience." So I introduced myself to him and sat down beside him and unburdened my heart. But the good man, though a "Master in Israel," could not understand me and could not help. On that particular day it seemed as though I should die. And still I did not feel condemned. I felt that God smiled upon me and called me His child. I was as deeply convicted of the need of a clean heart as I had ever been of the need of pardon and regeneration. But the two kinds of conviction were very different. Then I was a guilty rebel, seeking escape from the sword of divine justice. Now I was a child of God seeking the portion which belongs to every member of the divine family. Sometimes I almost had the blessing, as it seemed to me. Again and again I would seem to see it just above my head, and I would actually stretch up my hands to seize it, but it would elude my grasp. Then I would pant and groan and cry, like a starving child tantalized with a piece of bread.

I think someone who reads these words would say, were he present as I write: "If you relate

your experience correctly, do you not present God in a bad light? If the Holy Spirit was showing you your need of something really provided for you in the gospel, and you were seeking so earnestly and sincerely, why did not your loving Heavenly Father give it to you? Why did He make you wait so long for what He had commanded you to seek and had promised to bestow?" I answer, "God was doing the best He could with me. There was a hindrance in my personality which He was overcoming as rapidly as He could. I was blind and ignorant. I did not understand the way of faith. There was very much earnestness in my seeking, a considerable measure of impatience, but very little trust in God. I was in God's school, learning the great lesson of faith. I was a dull pupil, the schooling was very hard, the course was very long, the tuition was very high. But, when at last I had finished that course, the results were very blessed. I learned much about faith which has greatly helped me all through the subsequent years, and, I humbly trust, has enabled me to teach and help others. I thank God now for those fifteen months of conflict and agony.

Before the fight was over I was called to the professorship of Latin and Greek in the Central New York Conference Seminary at Cazenovia.

CHAPTER VI.

MY FIRST SERMON.

My call to Cazenovia Seminary was a great surprise. As I could get released from my engagement at Fairfield, I accepted the more desirable offer and began work as professor of Latin and Greek in Central New York Conference Seminary in the spring of 1869.

Before I begin to relate my experiences at Cazenovia I ought to say something more about Fairfield and what happened there. At the close of the school year 1867-8, Professor Van Petten resigned the principalship and Walter A. Brownell, A. M., of the class of 1865, Genesee College, was elected to the place. This was very much to my mind and was brought about largely through my influence with him and with the trustees. We worked together with great harmony. During the following winter an extensive revival of religion visited the school. I tried to do my part in promoting the work. I think my efforts were blessed of God. A large majority of the students, who were not already Christians, professed conversion. Among the converts was a young man who is now a very prominent layman in the Northern New York Conference and has represented that body twice, I think, in the General

Conference. Another of the converts, the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, is now a regent of the University of the State of New York and managing editor of the New York Sun. His sister was also a convert in the same meeting. I have already spoken of a young man—or, more properly, a boy—who found Christ the previous winter and is now a highly-honored member of the Genesee Conference. He and the principal's brother were very active and successful laborers in the revival campaign of which I am now speaking. What blessed times those were! How the hearts of those young men and women did glow with divine love, and how their faces shone with joy. That revival lasted. Its results eternity alone will reveal. Such schools as Fairfield have paid many times over for all they have cost in the spiritual transformations they have wrought. Fairfield was not under the care of any religious body. But, under the administration of Professor Brownell, it was just as good, in its religious influence, as any Methodist conference seminary.

All that year I was harassed by the question, "Don't you think you ought to preach?" That great, ugly, black interrogation point was dancing before my eyes nearly all the time. I could not rid myself of the impression that, perhaps, I ought to leave teaching and enter the ministry. My reason told me that it would be the height of folly to do so. I was a student, but could never be an orator. I had fitted myself to teach, but

had never given much thought to writing and speaking. I was a good teacher, but would make a poor preacher. Apparently all my worldly interests lay on the side of continuing as I was. I could not decide what was duty. I was willing to preach if that was the will of God, although preaching was not my choice. The fact that I was willing to preach if the Lord willed increased my perplexity, for, from what I had read in the biographies of eminent divines, I supposed that one of the strongest proofs of a genuine call to the ministry was an intense unwillingness to preach. This evidence of a divine call to the ministry I certainly did not possess.

Full of doubt and uncertainty as to what duty was, I went at last to my pastor and poured my troubles into his ear. He advised me to try preaching and see how I would feel. "We are almost at the end of the year," he said. "I intend to hold a watch-night service. I shall preach and I want some one else to deliver a discourse. You have no license to preach; but that makes no difference. I will give notice that Professor Winchester will preach at eleven o'clock. That will draw in the students and hold them till the closing exercises at midnight, which are always very impressive." So I preached my first sermon at 11 o'clock p. m. December 31, 1868. I well remember the text and the sermon. I could very nearly repeat the latter now. Nearly all the students and teachers of the Seminary were present.

I had some liberty and satisfaction; but I did not know any better, after than before, whether it was my duty to exchange teaching for preaching. Twenty-seven years afterward I preached one Sunday morning in First Church, Syracuse. Professor Brownell was a member of that church and was present. After service he introduced me to many of his friends, calling me, as he always did, "Professor." Then he said to the whole group, seemingly with a bit of pride, "I heard Professor Winchester preach his first sermon!" Then I said: "Let me ask you a question. Did you not think at the time that I was spoiling a good teacher to make a poor preacher?" His reply was, "Yes," with some little polite qualifications, which I will not repeat. Twenty-three days after I tried to preach my first sermon Bro. W. H. Annable gave me an exhorter's license, with the approval of his leaders and stewards.

I will relate a funny thing which took place at Fairfield. Professor H. H. Benedict and I were intimate friends. One spring we both felt about half sick, and he suggested that a tonic would do us good and proposed that we buy some beer together and take a drink now and then in our rooms. I fell in with the idea. We borrowed a jug and a couple of good-sized bottles of Miss Bailey, the stewardess. Professor Benedict got the jug filled somewhere in Little Falls. I filled my bottle, took one drink and put the bottle on a shelf in my wardrobe. I suppose I had nev-

er drunk a quart of beer in my life. When in college I used to take a little sip now and then when it was passed around at some of our fraternity suppers. I am certain that I never drank a whole glass at any one time. The next night after filling my bottle I was aroused out of a sound sleep by a loud report. I sprang from my bed in alarm. My first thought was that it was the report of a musket. The Seminary had a military department, of which every male student was a member. The muskets were kept in a room below one of mine. I thought that some boy had gotten into the armory, helped himself to a gun and fired it off for fun. As I stood trembling, not knowing what to do, I heard a trickling sound in the direction of my wardrobe. Running to the place, I found that my bottle had burst into a hundred fragments and that my beer, which was not too old to work, had sprayed itself all over my clothing. Not a drop of beer has ever passed the door of my lips since that time. What became of Professor Benedict's beer I have forgotten or never knew. But I know it did not make a drunkard of him, and probably it did not do him any good or harm. He was alive and well the last time I heard from him, four years ago. He was then, and had been for a long time, president of the Remington Typewriter Company.

The village of Fairfield was an insignificant place, so far as population and business were concerned. The students could not have found any

bad places to frequent had they desired. There was a small store—if so humble a place could be called a store—directly opposite the campus. It was kept by an old man who sold peanuts and candy and such small things to the students. He prided himself on the quality of his peanuts. One day he received a sack or box or barrel of his favorite commodity marked “C. O. D.” He was very angry when he saw the brand. With a profane exordium and peroration, he exclaimed: “I ordered peanuts and those fools have sent me codfish!”

I left Fairfield with many regrets. My relations with fellow teachers, students, trustees, church and citizens had been very delightful. But I thought that it was right and wise to go to a church school, to an institution of higher renown, to a larger salary and to better opportunities for growth and promotion. I can see now that there was a providence in my going to Cazenovia. God sent me there, I believe, that I might have spiritual help which I could not get at Fairfield. My fifty-two weeks in Fairfield Seminary were very profitable to me. I gained every way while there. When I left I was stronger in body, I had made considerable progress in my studies, I knew that I was a successful teacher, I had gained much knowledge of human nature and how to get along with the same, and, best of all, I was in a much better spiritual state than I had ever been before. I still had that insatiable and

agonizing hunger and thirst after righteousness. But I knew that I was a child of God and that I was walking in the light; and I believed that the promised cleansing would yet be realized.

CHAPTER VII.

VICTORY.

In April, 1869, I became professor of Latin and Greek in the Central New York Conference Seminary at Cazenovia. I had never been in Cazenovia when I went there to enter upon my work. A ten-mile ride in a stagecoach from Chittenango brought us to my new home. We were assigned to rooms on the first floor of what was then called New Hall, in front. After the first term we occupied a much better suite of apartments on the second floor, with my recitation room opening from our parlor. I did not find a person in the school or the town whom I had ever met before. But I was made welcome and soon felt perfectly at home. I followed an exceedingly popular man, Professor D. C. Scoville. He was almost worshiped by his students and I was warned that I had a very serious task before me in presuming to fill his place. But I felt no alarm at the beginning and never heard any hint afterward that my chair was too large for me.

Rev. A. S. Graves was the principal when I went to Cazenovia. He was succeeded, the following year, by Rev. W. S. Smyth. The preceptress, my first term, was Miss Flora Ellis. Immediately after her came Miss Elizabeth Button,

who subsequently became the wife of Rev. E. T. Green of the Genesee Conference. Had I space, I would gladly make particular mention of all my fellow-teachers.

Cazenovia had a fine body of students. The choicest portion were taking the collegiate preparatory course and so came under my instruction. A nobler band of young men I have never seen than those who daily recited to me. I esteem it a great honor to have been the teacher of such men as L. M. Dunton, president of Claflin University; H. H. Ragan, champion Greek scholar at Cazenovia, prize essayist and orator at Yale, lawyer, traveler and stated lecturer at Chautauqua; and Dr. D. R. Lowell, David Keppel, M. J. Wells, Eugene Bouton, C. M. Moss, W. H. York and E. G. W. Hall, who have distinguished themselves in the ministry, in teaching and in other activities. This is not a catalogue of the classical department of Cazenovia Seminary for 1869 and 1870. I merely recall a few names which have left the deepest impression on my mind.

I took with me to Cazenovia the intense hunger of soul which I had had so long at Fairfield. I looked around me at once to see what kind of a religious atmosphere I was in and what helps I could find to get my hunger satisfied. I think it was my second Sunday at Cazenovia when I first met E. G. W. Hall at the regular preaching service in the Seminary chapel. He had charge of the commercial department and was a student in my de-

partment. He had been in Washington to spend the brief interval between the winter and spring terms and had returned late to his work. He was late because, stopping to spend a Sunday with a relative in the country and being invited to preach, a revival broke out and he felt obliged to stay a few days to turn it over to competent hands. He was introduced to me that Sunday night after the service. I immediately put to him the strange question: "Do you believe in holiness?" feeling sure that the answer would be "Yes," as it was. "Come with me to my room," I said. He went with me. I told him all about my spiritual troubles. He was the first person I ever found who could understand and help me. He stayed and talked and prayed with me for an hour or longer. He afforded me some help; but my struggle of soul continued. For two hours I was alone. I seemed to myself to be like Jacob at Jabbok. All my possessions were over the brook. I was on my knees till midnight in an agony of prayer. My agony at length became so intense that I thought I felt somewhat as Jesus did in Gethsemane. I was at the end of all my efforts. I could do nothing more. "If I were sinking into hell," I said to myself, "I could do no more." Just then I heard the very same voice which I had heard twice before—in my room at College and in the gallery of the Fairfield church; and I felt the presence of the same being. This time the voice said: "Why don't you believe?"

"Believe what?" I answered. "Believe that the blessing is yours. Have you not consecrated all to me?" "Yes, Lord," I answered with all my heart, "I know I have consecrated all to thee. I have no desire but to be thine wholly and forever." "Well, then," said the voice, "believe that I accept you as the object of my sanctifying power. Believe that I do the work now, this minute, according to my promise. Is it not written, 'What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them'?" With my whole soul I cried back to God, "Yes, Lord, I do believe it. It is done according to thy word." I sprang to my feet. "It is done," I said again and again. I looked down at the chair where I had been praying so long. It seemed to me that it would be a sin to pray for a clean heart any more. For fifteen months I had been praying for the blessing. I stopped praying and began thanking God that the work was done; that the blessing was mine. And yet I had no feeling. So far as my emotions were concerned, I was just where I had been for more than a year, except that I had left off struggling and was at rest. I went to bed, saying to God: "The blessing of a clean heart is mine. Your Book says so and I say so. You have given me the blessing. You have not yet given me the witness of the Spirit that my heart is cleansed from all unrighteousness, but you will when you get ready. I am willing to wait till the judgment day if that is your will."

I distinctly remember, after the lapse of forty-five years, that I used those exact words. I spoke with the utmost confidence and assurance. I knew that I was standing on the rock—the immutable rock of God's word.

The next morning I awoke in the same state of mind and heart in which I went to sleep. So it was all the week—a perfect faith that the blessing was mine, but no feeling, or very little feeling, that it was. That was a very hard and trying week. The boys in the dormitory were unusually unruly and full of pranks, and the devil was unusually active. But my faith did not veer a single point and my soul was kept in perfect peace. I seemed to see a wall of fire all around me, about ten feet high and thirty feet in diameter. Satan would come every little while and thrust his head above the fence and make faces at me; but he could not touch me.

Thus God taught me the way of faith. It was no man who was my teacher. Faith had never been presented to me in that light by any human being. I had learned nothing, or very little, about holiness except from the Bible. I had never been to a "holiness" meeting in my life except the little meetings held at Lima in Professor Draper's recitation room, and I remembered nothing that I heard there. God Himself taught me the Scriptural doctrine of holiness and taught me the way of faith. I have been enabled to point out the way of faith to many other seeking souls. If

this seems egotistical to anyone, it is the truth, nevertheless.

The next Sunday afternoon, May 9, 1869, I was sitting with Mrs. Winchester in our room. She was reading to me from "The Life of Carvosso." She came to a stanza of a hymn. It was this:

"Thee I can love, and thee alone,
With pure delight and inward bliss;
To know thou tak'st me for thine own:
O, what a happiness is this!"

I said: "Let us sing it." I began to sing without any emotion. But when I reached the end of the second line I could go no further. Suddenly I was deluged with waves of glory. I was in a perfect ecstasy of joy. All heaven seemed to have come down into that little room. It was Bethel. It seemed to be filled with the brightness of a thousand suns. I was a thousand times happier than I had ever supposed I would be in heaven. I knew that there was a personal God; for He was right there speaking to me. He was as real to me as though I could see Him with my mortal eyes. The great billows of bliss kept rolling over me, higher and higher every time they came in. It seemed as though immense wings overhead were fanning me. The weight of glory became so heavy that it seemed as though it would crush me. I remember that I rose from my chair and staggered to the piano and leaned against it for

support. For about thirty minutes I stood there bracing myself against the boundless ocean of divine love which kept hurling its mountain-like waves over my head. At length I could endure it no longer and I said: "O, God, withhold Thy hand or I shall die of joy." Soon my emotion somewhat subsided. If it had not I really think I should have died. There was nothing but joy in the thought of dying; but I thought I ought to live.

All this time I felt so clean. I felt and knew that my old passionate temper, which had tormented me all my life, was gone. All the pride and selfishness and unholy ambition and self-will were gone, branch and root. All sin was gone. I was as sure as I was that I was alive that God had cleansed my heart from all sin. The words "All gone, all gone, all sin is gone" kept reverberating through the chambers of my inmost soul, and I knew that they were the words of God.

That night, at the religious service held in the seminary chapel, I gave testimony that the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed me from all unrighteousness.

The doctrine of entire sanctification, as taught to me by God Himself nearly half a century ago I hold today unchanged, confirmed by extensive reading, study, self-examination and the testimonies of hundreds of unimpeachable witnesses.

CHAPTER VIII.

FRUITS OF VICTORY.

Cazenovia was a good place in which to "follow the sanctification, without which no man shall see the Lord." The spiritual atmosphere was very pure and warm and invigorating. The students were very generally earnest Christians. There were many means of grace. Right across the street was the Methodist Church, with its two preaching services and its Sunday School session and prayer meeting and class meetings every week. Every Sunday evening there was a preaching service in the seminary chapel. Every Wednesday evening there was a prayer meeting in the seminary for teachers and students. At noon every school day, there was a fifteen-minute prayer meeting. Every Sunday morning at six o'clock there was a "holiness" meeting in one of the recitation rooms. Till I went to Taylor University I never lived in a community where the religious sentiment and conditions were so near perfect as in Cazenovia Seminary in the spring term of 1869. This was very largely due to the work and influence of E. G. W. Hall. He is now a retired minister in the Genesee Conference. If in all his life he had done nothing for God and souls but what

he did at Cazenovia, while he was filling the double sphere of teacher and student, his life would still be a grand success. By common consent, without any appointment by trustees, faculty or students, he was a chaplain to the whole institution. He was our common spiritual father. He was a great help to me. After I had gotten fully into the King's highway of holiness, he helped me to walk therein.

Another counselor and helper, whom God gave me at Cazenovia, was Brother Nash. I cannot recall his first name. He was somewhat advanced in years and had retired from business. He was a man of more than ordinary intelligence and was held in high esteem by the whole community. He was a class leader and had been for many years. He was more deeply versed in spiritual things than any person I had ever met. He had been traveling in the road which I had recently found for a long time. But I suppose we were drawn together by community of tastes and spirit. I often visited him in his home and he came to the seminary to see me. Our conversation was always upon the things of experimental religion. We often met at social gatherings in the homes of Cazenovia. The Cazenovia people were very hospitable to the seminary faculty. Whenever Brother Nash and I met on such an occasion, we always got off in a corner by ourselves and talked about the things of the soul. I know why God sent me to Cazenovia.

One of my duties at Cazenovia was to take my turn, with the other male members of the faculty, in conducting morning devotions in the chapel. This duty had always been a cross to me. I bore the cross without a murmur and always felt that I was strengthened in so doing. The cross had been growing lighter; but it had not ceased to be a cross. But the first time I read the Scriptures and prayed after I received the witness that the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed me from all sin, what a change! I selected as a scripture lesson the third chapter of the First Epistle of John. As soon as I began to read the opening verse: "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God," my eyes filled with tears of joy and I was so blinded that I would have been obliged to stop if I had not almost known the chapter by heart. As it was, I was so choked by the surges of blissful emotion that I left off with the ninth verse, "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin, because he is born of God," gave out a hymn and sat down. While the hymn was being sung I sat, quivering with emotion, trying to compose myself, trying to dry my tears of ecstasy, trying to keep the hallelujahs from coming from my lips. When the singing was over, I staggered to the desk, knelt and began to pray. It was some seconds before I could utter a word, so overwhelming were my emotions. By a strong exertion of

my will I controlled myself sufficiently to utter a few sentences and say "amen." Rising from my knees I hurried to my room without stopping to speak to anybody. Fortunately I did not have to go far or to go out of the buildings. Throwing myself upon a couch I rolled in an agony of joy (if that term is permissible) for fifteen minutes till I recovered strength to go to my recitation room. For many weeks that experience was repeated every time I prayed at chapel devotions. I would have to hold in with all my might and pray soft and low, and short and slow, lest I should go all to pieces and shout or lose my strength and sink unconscious. I was not ashamed to be blessed in that way, but I did not think that I would edify the teachers and students or glorify God by falling to the floor in their presence, if it was under His hand. I am confident that I was right. "The spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets." Following every attempt to pray in chapel would be a quarter of an hour or more of unutterable bliss in my room, in which I would roll on my couch weeping, laughing, shouting, begging the Almighty to hold back the billows of salvation so that my poor, weak body could recover strength for the duties of the day. What had been my severest duty became the easiest; only, in a certain sense, it was hard because it was easy.

Two days after I received the baptism with the Holy Ghost, the Quarterly Conference of the

Cazenovia Church gave me a license as local preacher. The official document was signed by A. J. Phelps, presiding elder. I used my license several times while my home was at Cazenovia. I filled a vacant pulpit in the Methodist Church at Pompey Hill. I cannot recall how many times or what texts I used.

How bright and joyous those days were. I had no worry, no anxiety, no painful care. I could not have worried or borrowed trouble if I tried. There was not a cloud in my sky. I seemed to walk in the air. All my life I had been subject to fits of the blues. But the Holy Ghost drove out the blues on the ninth day of May, 1869, and they have never come back. I have experienced heavy sorrows. I have been sick. I have had disappointments. I have been sad and depressed. I have been sorely tempted. But I have never had a blue Monday or any other blue day since the Holy Ghost came to abide.

I tried to be useful to the souls of the students while I was at Cazenovia. I had great joy in trying to help them in, or into, the way of life; and I think I had some success. During the first half of the year 1869 or 1870 the religious condition of the school was not as good as it had been the previous year. Our spiritual forces had been weakened by the departure of Brother Hall and others. Seeing that we were falling back, I called together a select number of our most devoted students and teachers in my room on a Sunday af-

ternoon for conference and prayer. The result was that we organized ourselves into a "working band." We all signed a pledge that we would do four things: 1. That we would spend at least fifteen minutes each day in secret prayer for the outpouring of the Spirit upon the school and the conversion of souls; and in meditation, self-examination and reading the Word with the same end in view. 2. That we would each converse with at least one unconverted person every week upon the interests of his soul, bearing the case, in our prayers, to God. 3. That we would meet together once a week to lay before each other the cases of those with whom we had conversed to devise means for doing good and to pray together for a revival in the school. 4. That we would keep the pledge for one term and get as many others as possible to sign the same. The pledge lies before me as I write, with twenty-one signatures. The next term a great revival swept through the seminary and almost everyone for whom the members of the "band" had made special prayer was converted. If God's people would work together in that way, a revival would come to pass in any community.

The Central New York Conference convened in Centenary Church, Syracuse, April 13, 1870. I went down on Friday to spend the Sabbath and hear Bishop Matthew Simpson preach. The Sunday morning service was held in Shakespeare Hall. The place was crowded long before the

love feast was over. I had never seen the bishop before. I had heard much of his eloquence and was expecting something wonderful. My expectations were realized many times over. But at first I was disappointed. He did not look as though he could preach when he stood up before us or do much of anything else. His voice, too, was thin and squeaky when he began. His text was "Preach the Word." The first fifteen minutes he was quite dull. I was disappointed and I could see that the congregation generally was. The people became listless and uneasy. But soon he began to sparkle. In a few minutes he had everybody's attention. Every eye was fastened upon him. Everyone was eager to catch every word. First the people straightened up. Then they began to lean forward. Then they were away over, with their hands on the back of the seat in front. Then they began to rise from their seats. When the preacher closed, after preaching over two hours, everybody in the hall whom I could see was standing; and some were smiling and some were laughing and some were gently weeping and some were violently sobbing, and some were shouting, and the whole assembly was swept with overpowering emotion as a field of grain is swept by a powerful wind. Since that day I have heard very many mighty preachers and famous orators, but I never saw an audience moved to a degree that would at all compare with what I witnessed that day in Shakespeare

Hall. As I think of it now, it seems as though it was supernatural. It was supernatural. It was the power of the Divine Spirit using the sanctified eloquence of a holy man.

I closed my full year at Cazenovia, following the one term of the preceding year, with the comfortable feeling that I had succeeded in my work. I was the recipient of many kind words of praise and congratulation, and the trustees honored me with an election for the year to follow. All the year I had been perplexed with the question: "Don't you think you ought to preach?" I could not answer it. It did not trouble me after May 9. Nothing could trouble me then. I held myself ready to do all the will of God; and I rested in the conviction that God would make known His will when He was pleased to do so.

CHAPTER IX.

JOINING THE CONFERENCE.

I have written nothing about my physical health while at Cazenovia. In the spring of 1870 I had a very violent attack of measles. It almost cost me my life. For four days the doctor worked at me to bring out the rash. On the fourth night he told my wife that I would not live till morning. Before morning the rash was out and the danger was past. I was not sick long. I was absent from my classes less than two weeks. But I was a long time recovering my usual strength. Soon after vacation began I went to Saratoga Springs to recuperate and receive treatment in the sanitarium of the Doctors Strong. I was there three weeks and came away feeling like a new man. The Saratoga Sanitarium was a great summer resort for ministers and teachers. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler spent a part of his vacations there for a long term of years. He was there all the time of my stay. He honored me with his friendship and we spent many hours together in familiar intercourse. We conversed upon a great variety of subjects. He was very ready to express his opinions. I remember he gave me his opinion upon female suffrage. He was very strongly opposed to giving the ballot to woman, or impos-

ing it upon her. Perhaps, if he were living now, his convictions on that subject would be different. Another great man whom I met at Dr. Strong's was Dr. George R. Crooks, at that time editor of the *Methodist*, and later a professor in Drew Theological Seminary. Another guest of Dr. Strong was Rev. Henry Boehm, who had been traveling companion of Bishop Asbury, to whom the Bishop said in 1809: "Henry, things do not go right here. There must be a Genesee Conference." He was a venerable man—over ninety-five years old. One Sunday afternoon he preached, sitting in the parlor of the sanitarium. His text was the First Psalm. I thought he himself was the sermon. He lived five years and a half after that. I heard four great preachers while I was at Saratoga. One Sunday, July 10, Dr. Cuyler preached in the morning at the Methodist Church, and Dr. John Hall of Fifth Avenue, New York, Presbyterian Church, in the evening. On another Sunday I heard Bishop Doane of the Episcopal Diocese of Albany; and our Dr. Crooks. All four were wonderfully simple in thought and style. Hearing them one would feel like saying: "Anybody could talk like that." They taught me a lesson which has been of very great value to me through all my ministry, namely, that simplicity and clearness are the chief qualities of a perfect literary style. Dr. Cuyler's theme was Noah's Dove. I could repeat the substance of his discourse today. Dr. Hall's text was: "Ye are my witnesses."

The question, "Don't you think you ought to preach?" was sounding through the chambers of my soul almost constantly. Gradually it assumed the form of an affirmation: "You ought to preach;" and yet I could hardly tell whether the "Don't you think" was left off or not. I often said to myself: "I would give worlds, if I had them, to know just what my duty is." At length—it would be difficult to tell how, but providentially there is reason to believe—I was led to resign my position at Cazenovia and to join the conference and take an appointment.

I decided to offer myself to the East Genesee Conference because it met in the summer, and I did not want to wait for a spring conference, and because it was my home conference and I knew many of its members. My resignation was presented and accepted August 8, 1870, and conference was to meet August 24. I took my church membership to Lima and was recommended to conference by the Lima Quarterly Conference. A few Sundays before the session of the Annual Conference Rev. J. T. Brownell, pastor of the Lima Church, invited me to preach to his evening congregation. I accepted and spent a week in carefully writing a sermon for the occasion. I had probably preached twelve or fifteen times since I received my local preacher's license, and had always read every word from my manuscript. I did not think I could preach in any other way. When the critical time arrived I read my little

sermon with much fear and trembling to a very patient congregation. I have never heard a word from it to this day. Whatever others may have thought of my effort, I was very much dissatisfied; I pronounced it a failure. On the way back to the home of my parents I said to myself: "You would better throw away your manuscript. You will probably be sent to the poorest appointment in the conference. Your hearers will be uneducated people who will be better pleased with a simple talk than an elaborate discourse. Prepare carefully, but go into the pulpit and talk to the people out of your heart. They will be better suited and more good will be done. You will have no reputation to lose. Begin right. Throw away your manuscript, trust the Lord and yourself and you will soon learn to preach. Reading is not preaching." Then and there I made a solemn promise to myself that I would no longer use a manuscript in the pulpit. The first Sunday evening after conference I read my poor little Lima sermon (I have it now among my relics). But since then I have never taken a manuscript into the pulpit. In my earlier ministry I often used a short outline. For the last fifteen years I do not think I have ever had the help of a single scrap of paper, except that I have sometimes read quotations from authorities and opponents when I wished to show my hearers that I was perfectly accurate. I have written hundreds of sermons as carefully as though they were prize essays (I

think every preacher ought to write for the sake of cultivating a good style); but always the written discourse has slept in its proper place in my study desk while I was trying to keep my congregation awake by talking right into their faces and hearts. I have often had the "stage fright." Sitting in the pulpit chair, while the people were singing the second hymn, this thought has come over me with almost paralyzing power: "You haven't a scrap of paper to help you. What if you couldn't think of a word to say when you stand up before the congregation?" I remember such an occasion when I was about to preach a Thanksgiving sermon to the united congregations at Batavia in a crowded church. But I had an unusually "free time" that morning, as I almost always have had when I have felt the "stage fright" just before rising to preach. I have thanked God a thousand times for that experience at Lima, which led me to abandon manuscript preaching before it had become a fixed habit. I most earnestly advise every young preacher to do as I have done. I have reached a point in life where I think I have a right to advise as to the best methods of doing pulpit work. My first counsel would be: "Don't read your sermons." If I could learn to preach without manuscript it seems to me that any preacher can.

Saturday, August 27, I entered the auditorium of Hedding Church, Elmira, N. Y., where the East Genesee Conference was holding its twenty-third

session, with Bishop Simpson in the chair. Rev. K. P. Jervis, presiding elder of Rochester District, was talking. The first word which I distinguished was my name. He was giving the reasons why I should be received on trial into the Traveling Connection. Nothing was said against the motion and I was received the first, in order of time, in a class of nine, of whom all but E. H. Latimer, C. E. Millspaugh and myself have passed into the other world.

Bishop Simpson preached Sunday morning in the opera house to a large congregation. It was a great sermon and contained portions of the discourse which I heard from him in Syracuse; but it fell far below that effort in its effect upon the audience.

I heard nothing about my appointment till my name was read off at the closing session in connection with Big Flats, Elmira District. Big Flats is a little village, hardly large enough to be called a village, ten miles west of Elmira, where the valley of the Chemung spreads out into a wide stretch of very fertile land. The soil is admirably adapted to the growth of the tobacco plant. In 1870 tobacco brought a big price and many of the farmers were making fifty and even seventy-five dollars clear profit, over and above the cost of tillage, from every acre planted with the Indian weed. Tobacco was making the farmers rich very fast. The richer they got the richer they wanted to be. Tobacco was their god. With

insignificant exceptions, they raised nothing but tobacco; they talked about nothing but tobacco; they dreamed of nothing but tobacco. It was tobacco seven days in the week. Some worked in their tobacco fields on Sunday. Others spent the holy day walking around their tobacco fields, worshipping the bad-smelling god. The best of them talked about their tobacco crops on the way to church; thought about their tobacco crop (I fear) during the service; and conversed about their tobacco crop out in the horse-sheds while the women and children and the minister were in Sunday school.

Big Flats was considered by all the members of the conference as a very hard and undesirable charge. Many of my friends among the preachers essayed to comfort me over my bad fortune by telling me that my ability would be recognized next year and I would then get a better place. But I assured them that I did not want any of their comfort; that Big Flats was good enough for me; that I had not expected anything and was not disappointed; that I was contented and happy. I did not stretch the truth a bit when I told them that. We moved into the parsonage, a comfortable house, and I went to work with all my heart and all my might, preaching and visiting among the people and getting stronger and happier every day.

The parsonage contained very little furniture. I can hardly tell what. As I remember, there was

a cook stove, a couple of bedsteads, a table or two, a few chairs and some kitchen utensils. We had a little bedding, some dishes, one carpet, a large rocking chair, sofa, a piano, and a small library. I remember that there were no shades or curtains for the windows. We pinned up newspapers when it was time to light up, intending to get some shades or curtains as soon as we were able. One evening, just after the lamp was lighted, a loud knock was heard at the door. Opening the door, I saw a stranger, more than half drunk, who handed me a large roll of green paper, suitable for window shades, telling me, in such words as a drunken man could use, that he saw we had no shades and he had bought us some. Of course I thanked him, and after he had gone we thanked God for sending us the shades, though he chose a child of the devil to bring them.

The first quarterly conference was held early in the year. Rev. John G. Gulick, the presiding elder, was in the chair. The salary was fixed at four hundred dollars. There were two out-appointments, and I would have to have a horse and all the other things, without which a horse is useless. Horses were high; hay and oats were well up in price, and first-class buggies were selling for three hundred dollars each. I went home wondering how I could get along on a salary of four hundred dollars. On the way I stopped at the postoffice and found a letter, offering me a position to teach at fifteen hundred dollars a year.

CHAPTER X.

TWO SCHOOLHOUSES.

The first meeting of the official board at Big Flats was a memorable one. It was held at the parsonage. Of course the young and inexperienced pastor presided. Two of the members, whom I will call Brothers B. and C., had been enemies for many years. They were enemies and rivals. Each wanted to run the church. Besides, they had had business troubles. Each accused the other of lying and cheating. C. had been a very wicked man before his conversion, if, indeed, he had ever been converted. B. was a well-meaning man and a true friend of the church. He had had a genuine religious experience, I think. But he was headstrong and had a most ungovernable and unsanctified temper. He was notorious for this, and often brought great disgrace on the cause of religion by his sudden and awful tempests of anger. He was generally sorry afterward, and sometimes very penitent and humble. These brethren were both present at the first official meeting. The session had just been opened with prayer when Brother C. made a statement about something. Brother B., who sat on the opposite side of the room yelled out, "You lie!" Instantly B. and C. met in the middle of the floor, with eyes

darting fire and fists almost touching each other's noses. "Call me a liar again," said C., "and I will knock you down." "You are a liar," answered B., "and I can prove it." C. drew back his fist to strike. Just then I stepped in between the furious combatants and, with a hand on the shoulder of each, said: "Gentlemen, you cannot fight in my house. If you must fight, go out into the street." "I beg your pardon, elder," said C., "but if he will come out doors I'll thrash him to within an inch of his life." With those words on his lips, he instantly left the house. Brother B. made no apology and never said anything to indicate that he thought he had done anything wrong. He was a good friend to me, and treated me with great kindness all the while I was his pastor. He has been my friend through the years which have followed. He had many noble qualities. The sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit, if he had been willing to receive it, would have made him a very useful man and an ornament to the church.

My first installment of salary at Big Flats was a large pan of honey in the comb. I could not have refused it if I had desired. It was delivered unsolicited and charged to my account. Two other consignments of the same kind and size were delivered. We liked honey pretty well; but hardly felt that we could afford to purchase so much of that sort of food out of a salary of four hundred dollars. We could better afford molasses than honey; but we were not allowed to choose.

We kept sweet and happy in spite of so much saccharine.

The Big Flats people meant to be kind to us, and were. I think they liked their young preacher, though they could not quite understand his ways. One of the sisters said to my wife one day: "Why doesn't Brother Winchester preach louder?" "Why, don't you hear him?" said the puzzled young woman. "Oh, yes; we all hear him perfectly, but we have always had ministers who made a great deal more noise." One day I was calling on one of the families of my parish. As I rose to go, after quite a long stay, the man of the house said: "What's your hurry? Don't go yet." "O, yes, I must go," I replied. "What for?" said he. "I have some studying to do," I answered. "What do you study for?" he asked. "I have to preach to you people twice every Sunday and I have to prepare my sermons," was my answer. "Prepare your sermons! Don't you know the Bible says, 'Open your mouth and I will fill it?'" That was too much for me and I attempted no reply.

Though Big Flats was a very small village, it had four churches, where one would have amply met all the demands of the people. The Methodist was the last one built. I hurt the feelings of some of my people by saying that it never should have been built. But I thought so then, and I think so now. I preached at Big Flats every Sunday morning and evening. I enjoyed the work

there. I had liberty in preaching. There were a few devout and earnest souls and all the others seemed to appreciate my efforts.

There were two schoolhouse appointments where I preached alternate Sunday afternoons. Sing Sing was over the hill to the southeast. The people were for the most part poor, living on barren, stony farms. They worshiped in a poor little schoolhouse. But they were good. Those who professed religion were consistent Christians. They were pious. They knew the Lord. Many of them were filled with the Holy Ghost. They were united among themselves. They had the respect of the outside community. They maintained a flourishing Sunday school all through the year and a prayer meeting every Wednesday or Thursday night. Their Sunday afternoon meetings were always seasons of power. They could sing. They could pray. They could shout. There was not one dumb one among them. The little schoolhouse was always as full as it could hold, and the very atmosphere seemed to be surcharged with divine electricity. I always found it a perfect delight to preach in the Sing Sing schoolhouse. I did not have to make any effort to preach there, except to leave off; as the boy said about whistling, it preached itself. Often I would get so blessed while making the opening prayer or reading the Scripture lesson, or giving out the first hymn, that I could hardly contain myself; I would have to stop and say, "Praise the Lord," a dozen

times, or weep out my joy for several minutes, before I could go on with the service. I often got wonderfully blessed just as soon as I crossed the threshold and entered the heavenly atmosphere which always seemed to linger about the place. I have never enjoyed preaching in any place as much as in that little Sing Sing school-house.

The first time I preached at Sing Sing I had hardly begun when I heard somebody at the right and behind me laughing very heartily: "Ha! ha! ha! ha!" It greatly disconcerted me. I did not know what to make of it. My first thought was that somebody was making fun of my poor attempt to preach. But I soon said to myself: "No one would be so unkind as to laugh at a poor fellow because he doesn't know how to preach. It must be that it is his way of expressing his religious emotion." And so it was. After the service was over some brother came to me and said: "You must not mind Father Axtell. When he gets happy he always laughs." Blessed old saint! Everybody respected and loved him. I soon came to enjoy that laugh. Sometimes Father Axtell was too sick or feeble to come to meeting. Then I missed the laugh and felt that something was wanting and did not have as good a time as usual. Would to God that all His people were so "filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost" that they could laugh as that old saint did. O, the happy, happy seasons which I spent

at the gate of heaven in the little old Sing Sing schoolhouse!

Quackenbush Hill was the opposite of Sing Sing in every respect. The schoolhouse was much larger and better. The farms were more fertile. The people were more numerous and in far better circumstances. But, for the most part, they were a worldly, wicked and godless set. Drinking hard cider, carting milk to the cheese factory on Sunday, Sunday visiting and using vulgar and profane language were so common that everybody seemed to think that they were necessary and right. The church members were a little company, divided among themselves. Very few of them seemed to have any knowledge of experimental religion, unless it was a dim memory of a long-lost treasure. There were some exceptions, but this was the rule. I soon found that preaching at Quackenbush Hill was like dragging a loaded sled over bare ground. It was almost impossible to preach at all. The place was so cold, spiritually, I could seem to see my words turning into frozen vapor as they came out of my mouth. I would struggle and strive and agonize to preach, and feel utterly exhausted when I had finished. The very same sermon which I had preached before at Sing Sing, preached at Quackenbush Hill would be as different as the singing of a nightingale is different from the croaking of a frog. The singing of the Quackenbush people was "Hark, from the Tombs! A Doleful Sound."

They could not sing. There was no sing in their hearts. The Holy Ghost, the spirit of song, had not been on that hill for many years. How could they sing? There was not one among them who could start a hymn and they had no organ. I had to start my own hymns. The first time I tried to do this I got confused and sang the first three stanzas in as many different tunes.

I am sure the Quackenbush Hill people did not like their new preacher. The outside sinners did not like me, and the members of the church did not. I preached the truth plainly, but in much love. But they could not bear it. And yet they came to hear me. The congregation became larger rather than smaller. I hoped and prayed and preached for a change. One Sunday, when it was my turn to preach at Quackenbush Hill I got a local preacher to fill the pulpit at Big Flats in the evening and gave notice that I would stay and preach a second discourse to the Hill people. I had a good congregation. I had good liberty—that is, good for that place. I poured the truth red-hot upon professed sinners and professed Christians. I could see them squirm.

While I was in the schoolhouse some fellow, either in the spirit of spite or mischief, went out to the horse shed and unbuckled the hold-back straps of my buggy. The horse which I drove was a borrowed one, a young and very spirited and nervous beast. The night was moonless and the stars were hidden by clouds, so that I could

hardly see to keep the road. For about half a mile the road ran along a level space. The half mile came to a sudden end at the top of a very steep hill. As soon as the descent began the heavy buggy plunged forward and downward upon the horse's heels, and the frightened animal began to kick as violently as the steepness of the hill would permit. It was a wonder that I was not thrown out and killed or seriously injured. That would have been the most natural end of the affair. That would happen nine times out of ten, the conditions being the same. But divine power interposed in my behalf. I succeeded in getting out of the buggy in the steepest place, discovered the unbuckled hold-back straps, refastened them and drove home without any further trouble. I was profoundly grateful to God. I felt no resentment toward the person who would have done me harm. I never knew who my enemy was—if he was my enemy—and never tried to find out.

CHAPTER XI.

TO AND FRO.

At his first visit, Presiding Elder Gulick told me that East Genesee Conference Seminary at Ovid, N. Y., which had closed because of financial embarrassments, was about to open and that he wanted me to take the principalship. He had authority to speak, as he was President of the Board of Trustees. I gave an emphatic refusal. Not long after, he wrote, strongly urging me to accept the place at Ovid. Again I refused. He came to see me on the subject more than once. This urging he kept up for two months. At length he won my wife to his side. Assailed on two sides, I surrendered. As the presiding elder was my father in God and had the power to remove me from one appointment in his district to another, I thought I ought to comply with his wishes. Very reluctantly I bid good-by to Big Flats charge. Brother Axtell called me a Jonah and said that, if I would stay, there would be a great revival.

Of the four hundred dollars voted me for the year, I received, for over three months of the best service I could render, in honey and butter and milk and apples and money, the sum of forty dollars. The presiding elder loaned me money

to pay my moving expenses to Ovid, where we moved some time in December. We took up our quarters in the seminary. Its one building was a large four-story edifice, standing on the highest ground between Seneca and Cayuga Lakes. It was surmounted by a large flat-roofed tower, from whose top, sixty feet from the ground, parts of seven counties could be seen, large portions of both lakes, the city of Geneva and half a score of villages. From the north window of our parlor we often saw steamboats on both lakes at the same time. From the west window we saw the boats which plied between Geneva and Watkins make and leave their landing at Dresden, the port of Penn Yan, which was hidden by the hills. It was the most beautiful spot in which we ever resided.

I immediately reorganized the seminary and went to work. I taught Latin, Greek, German, geometry and other branches and attended to all the business of the institution. Mrs. Winchester taught French, English and algebra. There were three other teachers who gave all their time to the work of instruction. The school had a boarding department. The family having charge soon resigned, and I offered my services to the trustees as steward; and Mrs. Winchester became stewardess, without at all lessening her work as instructor. Thus we labored for two terms of thirteen weeks each. Beside my work for the school, I did quite an amount of preach-

ing here and there. The seminary had been suspended because the expenses were more than the income. But during my two terms there was no deficiency, and something was left over in the hands of the treasurer. We graduated a fine class of young men and women at the close of the year. The trustees professed themselves greatly pleased with my administration and asked me to remain for the term of five years. I promised to do so on certain conditions. One of these conditions was that they should, within a certain number of days, raise a fund sufficient to pay the debts of the institution and make certain repairs in the building. They eagerly accepted my proposition and appointed the necessary committees to do their work. But the time limit expired with nothing accomplished and I made up my mind to seek employment elsewhere.

I had a call to a professorship in Greek in a Western college with a salary, to begin with, of twelve hundred dollars, and three hours' work daily. I had a mind to teach till my school debt should be discharged. I talked with Brother Gullick. He was confident that he could give me an appointment which, on the whole, would net me as much as the Western professorship. So I resolved to stick to the pastorate.

I made many permanent and valuable friendships at Ovid. The widow and two sons and a daughter of one of the most popular and useful members of the East Genesee Conference resided

near the village on a little farm. The three children were among our students. The two boys have since graduated from Syracuse University. The elder son was a member of the first freshman class at Syracuse and the father of one of the earliest fraternity chapters in that institution, and has been a trustee of his alma mater. He is now a prominent lawyer and capitalist in one of the great cities of the West. I am greatly obligated to him for financial assistance when I was president of Taylor University. I officiated at the funeral of the mother in 1901 at Geneva and Elmira. One of the brightest students I ever had was the son of a Methodist preacher who was reading medicine with a physician at Ovid. He came to the seminary to review his Latin. He thought he would take up Greek, which he had never studied, just for the pleasure of it. I persuaded him to go to college; and his father, to let him go. With only twenty-six weeks in Greek he was admitted to Syracuse University, and came to be regarded as the best Greek student in the institution. It is a pleasure to think that I had something to do in shaping the future of those young people.

The East Genesee Conference held its last session in Geneva, beginning August 16, under the presidency of Bishop Simpson. Nobody imagined that that would be the end of so grand a conference. But the next spring the General Conference, in trying to correct a serious blun-

der committed by its immediate predecessor, committed the still greater blunder (if it was not a crime) of wiping the East Genesee Conference from the ecclesiastical map.

The bishop was unable to preach the Sunday morning sermon, and Dr. Jesse T. Peck, afterward bishop, took his place. I well remember how he toiled. The day was very hot. The preacher puffed and groaned in getting started, like a locomotive starting a very heavy freight train. But before he got through with his two-hour-long discourse, he was sweeping toward the terminal with the speed and majesty of the Empire State Express. Bishop Peck was a great preacher. But he had to have two hours for a sermon; and he required one hour to get well under way.

When the appointments were read I heard my name in connection with Enfield, Elmira District, Thomas Tousey, presiding elder. I was greatly disappointed. The salary was only six hundred dollars, and a horse was a necessity, whereas Brother Gulick had promised me something as good, financially, as a twelve-hundred dollar professorship and a charge where a horse would not be needed. I have no doubt that he did his best.

I went back to Ovid much dejected. On Saturday I went to Enfield Center, twenty-two miles south, partly by stage and partly by a livery stable rig. I reached my destination in a storm of rain. I went to the house which was occupied

by my predecessor, Rev. Richard Videan. He would not live in the parsonage because it was so badly dilapidated and so unfit to be a human habitation. I found him at home; he did not intend to go to his new charge for the first Sabbath; so he kindly offered to drive me to my appointments the next day, for which I was very thankful.

The next morning I looked around to see where I was. It was the most wretched looking village I had ever seen. It did not deserve the name of village. People who did not live there called it the "Dog's Nest." The parsonage was the worst house in the whole huddle. "How can I bring my wife to such a place?" I said to myself.

Sunday morning Brother Videan and I started out behind his horse. We first drove four miles to Trumbull's (or Rumsey's) Corners. There I found a good church edifice, not many years old, and a good congregation. After having a good time preaching, I was warmly welcomed by several scores of fine-appearing and intelligent lookmen and women. After dinner at one of the homes, we drove back, along the same road by which we had come, three miles, to Bostwick's Corners. There I found a large, old church, with high pulpit near the door and galleries around three sides. The people were about the same as at the other place. After the preaching service there was a very spirited class meeting. Sunday

school had been held before the preaching. I went back to Brother Videan's home feeling very much better than I did the night before. Between the village of Enfield Center and the people who worshipped at the two churches was the greatest contrast possible. In all my pastorates I have never preached to a congregation of higher average intelligence than the two on Enfield charge. I have never served a people whom I loved more than those dear brothers and sisters, scattered over the hills and valleys of that section of Tompkins county. They were not to blame because the Dog's Nest looked so repulsive. (There were some very excellent people even there.) They were not to blame—or not very greatly—because the parsonage was so poor. A few years later they built an excellent one.

I will repeat a story which Brother Videan told me that Sunday. On one of his earlier charges he had been on the ground at work several weeks and not one cent in money or one bit of food of any kind had been given him. He had not one cent and there was nothing in the house to eat but potatoes and salt. His wife said: "Husband, what shall we do?" He said: "Let us invite the members of the Official Board and their wives to take dinner with us." She consented, and the invitations were sent out. The invited guests arrived and were received with due cordiality and ceremony. When they were asked out to the dining room, there was the table with clean

linen and an abundance of china and glass and silver and a plentiful supply of boiled potatoes and enough of the chloride of sodium. After the blessing had been asked, the host and hostess passed the potatoes with all the grace they would have shown had there been an abundance of everything else to make a regular banquet. Each official and his wife looked at every other official and his wife in blank amazement. After a few moments the most prominent man among them exclaimed: "Brother Videan, what does this mean?" "What does what mean?" replied the preacher. "Is this all you have for dinner—potatoes and salt?" "Why, what's the matter? If potatoes and salt are good enough for us when we are alone, why are they not good enough when we have the official members and their wives to dinner?" Without another word the man took his hat and left the house. Whether he was angry or not the pastor did not know. But before the next morning the parsonage was stocked with food of every sort for many months, and the pastor had a fat wallet in his pocket.

The little yellow parsonage at Enfield Center deserves further notice. It stood, or rather sat, without any underpinning, right on the ground, six feet from the street and two feet below, with its broad side toward the same. Whenever there was a hard rain the water and filth from the highway, unless strenuously opposed, would pour down through the front door into the main room

of the edifice, which served as sitting room, dining room, kitchen and bedroom. The ceilings were so low that I could lay the flat of my hand upon them. The front door had no latch; so the preacher made one out of a long piece of hardwood. The amateur architect cut a long strip of leather from an old boot, fastened one end to the latch and thrust the other through a hole which he bored in the door. In the daytime the latchstring hung out, inviting the passer-by to enter. At night the door was secured by pulling in the string.

In this hovel—for that is all it was—we ensconced ourselves, with our few belongings, determined to be happy and not let the people know that we cared for anything better. In that place our daughter, our only child, was born.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PREACHER'S HORSE.

If King Richard really said, as reported, "My kingdom for a horse!" he must have felt as I did when I began my work at Enfield. I could not reach my appointments on Sunday or do my pastoral work without a horse. A horse was more necessary than a Bible. I must have a horse or resign my charge. But how could I get a horse? I knew nothing of horses and could not trust myself to select one. If I had had a perfect knowledge of horse flesh and a hundred good animals before me to select from, I had no money with which to pay for a horse, and could not expect to save enough out of a salary of six hundred dollars. When I spoke of my perplexity to my official brethren, they kindly said: "If you can find the horse you want, the money will come in some way."

So I began to inquire for horses that were for sale, while I spent much time in prayer that God would give me what I so much needed. I told Him that I believed He had put me at Enfield to do His work and that He knew I could not do it without a horse. I prayed for a horse about as earnestly as I ever prayed for anything in all my life. God answered my prayer and gave me a

horse and a complete outfit for traveling my circuit. That I most profoundly believe. How it came about I will relate.

One Monday morning when we had been in the little yellow parsonage about a fortnight, a man knocked at the door. It was Mr. Mun Wright of Ovid. He had been visiting his uncle in the village and had there learned that I wanted a horse. He kept a livery stable. He did not profess to be a Christian, and rarely, if ever, went to church. I did not know him, though I had heard of him and had met his wife at the church in Ovid. When I met him at the door he said: "I understand that you want to buy a horse?" I almost laughed as I said: "I do want a horse; but I have no money to pay for one." His answer was: "That does not make any difference. I have just what you want and you can take your own time to pay for it. I can rig you out with all you want, and you need not pay a cent down. I am going right home now. Go along with me and you can drive your own horse home." I stepped back into the house and consulted my wife. She said, "Go." So I went. When I saw the horse I was delighted and charmed. He was a perfect beauty, a dappled gray, with heavy mane and a tail which almost swept the ground. He was four years old the previous spring—so Mr. Wright told me—and had just come from the State of Michigan. He was a little under size, weighing, as I afterward found, nine hundred

pounds. But he was large enough for my use. I said: "Hitch him up and let me try him." I drove about town alone. I visited two or three of my friends, whom I knew to be first rate judges of horses, and asked their advice, knowing they would be glad to favor me. They said: "If you can get him for one hundred and fifty dollars, it will be a bargain." I drove back to the stable. "What is your price for this animal?" I said to Mr. Wright. "One hundred and thirty-five dollars," he answered, "and here is a good second-hand buggy for one hundred and twenty-five dollars and a pretty good harness for ten; and I will throw in a halter and a blanket." "But I cannot pay you a cent of money and do not know when I can." "I don't want any money. I shall go up to Enfield next week. Then you can give me a note for \$270, and pay it when you get ready and can pay." "All right," I said.

The next day I drove home, thanking God all the way for his gift of a horse and firmly believing that he would give me money with which to pay for it. I invented a name for my prize. Because of his beauty I gave him the name "Kalie," from the Greek word for beautiful. He proved to be exactly what I needed. He was sound, speedy, tough, an easy keeper, full of fire, intelligent, gentle and absolutely trustworthy. He was hardly broken when I got him, and I had to teach him many things. At first he was afraid of the cars. But he learned that they would not hurt

him, and I could drive him right up where he could almost touch a locomotive blowing off steam, and he would not mind it in the least. I could leave him anywhere, for any length of time, with my buggy and belongings, without tying, though it was not my practice to do so. I once drove him home, several miles, a very dark night, with one line accidentally buckled to the saddle instead of the bit. I passed several teams going at a rapid gait without holding up in the least. He was a perfect horse for a preachēr. Soon after he became mine I had an opportunity to sell him for two hundred dollars. I kept him five years and sold him when I did not longer need a horse.

Now, what made that ungodly man, who had no motive for wanting to do me a favor, let me have that horse and rig at so low a price, with no certainty of ever getting his money? There is only one answer. God put it into his mind in answer to prayer. God Himself selected the horse and gave it to me, making Mun Wright his unconscious but willing instrument. Divine omnipotence and omniscience often works in that way for His people who trust in Him. But I am not at the end of the story. When I arrived home, rejoicing in the goodness of God, I found that the dear people at Trumbull's Corners had made us a surprise visit the night before, not knowing that I was away from home and had left for me one hundred and thirty-five dollars in cash—just the price of the horse. A few days

later Mr. Wright came to Enfield Center and I paid him one hundred and twenty-five dollars (I kept a little of Trumbull's Corners money for our use) and a note for one hundred and forty-five dollars. I afterwards bought a new harness for thirty-five dollars and a buffalo robe for eleven. So my entire rig cost three hundred and sixteen dollars.

God wonderfully prospered us that year. The Quarterly Conference fixed the salary at six hundred dollars. The people paid, nearly all in cash, seven hundred and sixty-six dollars. Besides this, they very nearly supplied our table. We bought almost nothing to eat except a few things in the grocery line. In the spring Dr. Daniel Steele, acting Chancellor of Syracuse University, asked me to go to Syracuse and teach Latin and Greek, that Professor Coddington, of that department, might take his classes while he was absent in Massachusetts. For five weeks I taught all the Latin and Greek in the university, having juniors, sophomores and freshmen for pupils. I was treated with great respect by all the students and was liberally paid for my work. On Sundays I supplied the pulpit of the First Methodist Church, in the absence of their pastor, Rev. L. C. Queal at the General Conference, and was well paid for the same. The result of all this was that I was able to meet all our living expenses, discharge the interest on my school debt and nearly complete paying for my horse and the whole

equine outfit. It was one of the best years, from a financial point of view, that I have ever known, though it began so unpromisingly. To God be all the praise.

As soon as I had the horse I had to provide hay and oats. The former was very scarce and high that fall. I spoke to several of my leading brethren about supplying me, and got the same answer from all. "I have no hay to sell; I shall have to buy for myself. William Miller has hay to sell." I enquired where Mr. Miller lived and posted off to see him. He lived about two miles north. He was not a Methodist and did not profess to be a Christian, though Mrs. Miller was a member of our church at Trumansburg. When I told Mr. Miller what I wanted he said: "I have no hay to sell; I shall have to buy before spring." I suppose I looked disappointed; I certainly felt so as I said: "I am sorry; I have just purchased a horse and cannot find any hay anywhere to keep him from starving." "Have a horse and can't find any hay? Well, you shall have some. I will send one of my men down with a load today." Before dark there was a load of as fine hay as I ever saw in the loft of the parsonage barn. I think there must have been a full ton. The next morning I went up to pay Mr. Miller; but he would not take a cent. That was a noble act from a man who did not profess to be a follower of Jesus Christ. He probably soon forgot his kindness to the young preacher; but I could never

forget. The remembrance has been a blessing and an inspiration to me all the years. When I have been pained by the smallness and meanness of some counterfeit of a man, I have thought of William Miller and the load of hay. While I thanked Mr. Miller at the time, I regarded the gift as God's and thanked Him more. The farmer gave the hay because God put it into his mind to give.

It seems very strange to me now that I was troubled that year over the question whether I ought to preach. And yet I was. Often, when I started out Sunday morning to drive to Trumbull's Corners I would say to myself: "Oh, if I only knew absolutely that I ought to be in this work!" It seemed to me that it was a fearful crime to be running as a messenger of the Great King if He had not sent me. I can see now that Satan was trying to hinder and overthrow me. I can see that God was doing His best to make me know, in the best way, that the ministry was my place. I had my best times at the afternoon appointment at Bostwick's Corners, perhaps, because I was in better condition mentally and spiritually in the afternoon, perhaps, because the people there were a little more spiritual. Almost every time I went into that old church to preach my soul would be full of glory. As I stepped up into the pulpit it would seem just as though I could see the Lord Jesus sitting there on that old black haircloth sofa, and when I stood up to

preach the Savior would stand up behind me, throw His arms of love and power around me and hold me up till I sat down, when the sermon ended, overwhelmed with wonder and joy. I had that experience very many times. The whole room seemed to be ablaze; while sinners were converted and believers were filled with the Holy Spirit. Thus the Great Bishop of souls was putting His seal upon my credentials; but I did not fully recognize the fact.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT CAMP MEETING AND AFTER.

In the summer of 1872 a district camp meeting was held at North Hector, on the eastern shore of Seneca Lake. I planned to attend and have an Enfield tent. Leaving Mrs. Winchester behind, I started for the camp ground with a one-horse load of baggage and provisions, to be followed the next day by a considerable company. I had never attended a camp meeting to stay through the week. All the way the tempter sat on the wagon seat by my side telling me that I could not enjoy a camp meeting; that it would be a noisy place; that it was just the place for excitable and fanatical people; that I was too quiet to get any good out of such uproar and confusion. Again and again the "old fellow with horns" hissed in my ear: "You'd better turn around and go back home." I did not yield to these suggestions in the least, but they troubled me greatly.

Arrived at the camp ground, I unloaded my baggage, put my horse in a neighboring livery barn, found where my tent was to stand and went to work to lay a floor and to stretch the canvas. The superintendent of the grounds came upon me just as I was driving the last pin and informed me that the planks which I had taken for flooring were designed for seats and that I must return

them to the pile from which I had taken them and find boards in another place. So I had to undo all my labor and do it over again. By the time my tent was up the second time I was very tired, and I almost wished that I had not come to the camp meeting.

The first service was held that evening. I was too tired to enjoy it much. That night I slept poorly on a poor bed. I arose almost sick and strongly tempted to be discouraged. The morning service was not very profitable. All the while I was resisting the tempter and praying for victory with all my might. My people arrived between the morning and afternoon services. That made me feel somewhat better. The afternoon service at the auditorium seemed dry and dull. After the service I took a walk alone in the woods. My thoughts were on divine things every minute and I was holding on to God. I was under no sense of condemnation; yet my heart was as dry and emotionless as a stone.

Returning to the camp meeting enclosure, I entered a tent where a prayer meeting was about to close. The leader was Uriah S. Hall, pastor at Watkins. As I entered he was talking about the experience which Methodists usually call "entire sanctification." He used the term "perfect love." He said: "I want everyone of you who now has the blessing of perfect love to raise your right hand. I do not say everyone who once had it or who wants to receive it, but everyone who

has it now. Everyone who now has the blessing of perfect love raise your hand."

At once a great debate began in my mind. If I were to write it out it would cover a sheet of paper, although, such is the lightning speed with which the mind sometimes acts, it really did not last half a minute. It was something like this: "Have I the blessing of perfect love? Can I say that I have it? I know that I did have it once. I do not know when I lost it. I know that I put my all on God's altar more than two years ago and that God accepted the surrender and that I have taken nothing off. It is true that I have not one particle of feeling; I do not feel that I am wholly sanctified. But I believe that I am. If I am not, I may be. If I never had the blessing of perfect love, it is my privilege in Jesus Christ to have it now. I am wholly the Lord's. I claim the blessing now, by naked faith, in the absence of all feeling. In token of my faith I will raise my hand."

I began to raise my hand. I had hardly got it as high as my ear when the Holy Ghost fell upon me in mighty power. In an instant my soul was on fire with unutterable joy. The great billows of bliss began to roll over me as on that memorable ninth of May at Cazenovia Seminary. For a long time I was swallowed and drowned in oceans of heavenly ecstasy. The meeting soon closed. But it was a long time before I had strength to rise from the straw, into which I had

sunk, and walk to my tent. When I walked out into the outer air I staggered and reeled like a drunken man. I was drunk with the wine of the kingdom, with which the disciples were filled on the day of Pentecost.

From that time on till the close of the camp meeting I hardly ate or slept. I was too happy to eat. I was too happy to sleep. All day I was in some religious service or wandering about the grounds telling all who would listen what God had done for my soul. Many souls were thus led to God or into a closer walk with him. All night I seemed to myself to be floating in pure ether above the clouds almost in sight of the great blazing throne of infinite love.

The camp meeting closed, to my great regret. After the tents had been struck I went to the livery barn to get my horse and wagon. While I was standing near the door and the horse was being harnessed in the back part of the barn, I heard the hostler swearing in a terrible manner. I was grieved intensely to hear the name of my Heavenly Father insulted and a flood of tears came to my eyes. My heart melted into love toward the sinner. I walked to the other end of the stable and lovingly, but plainly, rebuked the man for his sin. He instantly burst into tears and said: "I know I ought not to swear. I had a praying mother. I will never swear again as long as I live. Pray for me that God will forgive me for this and for all my sins."

It was a beautiful day. Driving up the hill and looking back over the lake and then turning my vision into my own heart, I thought: "This is heaven. How can heaven be any more blissful and glorious than this?"

At the top of the hill I found that my horse had lost a shoe. I stopped at a little blacksmith shop close by to have the shoe reset. While the smith was doing the job he got angry at something and began to swear. I reproved him as I had the hostler. The result was the same as in the other case. The man burst into tears, said he would never swear again and asked me to forgive him and to pray for him.

When I reached home my wife, not expecting me so soon, was where she had been staying all the week, and the house was locked. So I went across the street to Sister Barber's. As I was weary from my ride and from the physical reaction following the excitement of the camp meeting, I asked the privilege of going into Sister Barber's parlor and stretching myself out on her couch.

What follows I write with considerable hesitation. Some who read the narrative of what took place in Sister Barber's parlor will call me a fanatic and an egotist. I am sure that I am neither. I do not tell what I did; I claim no superiority over those who have never had such experiences. After more than forty years of calm reflection, I write simply the truth, for God's glory.

I have never alluded to this particular experience in public, and have very rarely related it in private, and then only to my most intimate friends. I did put it into one of my books, "The Victories of Wesley Castle," but I there attribute the experience, not to myself, but to a fictitious person. If any reader thinks ill of me, I am too old to have much care for that. I know what took place on that ever-to-be-remembered afternoon, and I know my motive in writing about it.

The windows of Sister Barber's parlor were hung with thick paper shades and the room was almost as dark as the darkest midnight. I had been lying awake in calm, sweet repose, for about half an hour, meditating on the goodness of God, when suddenly the place seemed as light as the brightest noonday, and I became conscious of the presence of the three persons of the Holy Trinity, each separate and distinct from the others. Whether I saw any form or not I have never been able to remember. But I can never forget that, for a few seconds, in that darkened room, supernaturally illuminated, my spiritual senses apprehended God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost as three separate persons. I know it was not a dream. I know I was wide awake and had not been asleep. They spoke. They seemed to speak in audible words. They spoke certain "unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for man to utter." They also said: "You will have great trials and afflictions in the years

to come, and you will have wonderful victories and great success." Then there came upon me a baptism such that all my previous baptisms seemed like trifles unworthy to be mentioned. For a long time I lay utterly powerless, so far as my body was concerned, while the batteries of heaven were charging me over and over again with volt after volt of divine electricity. When the rapture was over and I was able to walk the earth again it was night. My wife had returned and I went across the street to the yellow parsonage and went to bed. For several days I was in such a state of mental and spiritual abstraction that I hardly spoke. My wife told me many times that for some days she hardly dared to speak to me. I had been in the heavens and it was not easy to get down to earthly things.

This, and my similar experiences at Cazenovia and at the North Hector camp meeting, made me perfectly immune against infidelity, agnosticism, skepticism and the so-called new theology. I know there is a personal God because He has spoken to me and has made me conscious of His presence. I know that Jesus Christ is God because He has revealed Himself to me as such.

I know that the Bible is God's infallible word, because it led me to Him.

CHAPTER XIV.

ENFIELD EVENTS.

Across the street from the parsonage at Enfield Center, and nearly opposite, was a cooper shop belonging to Sylvester Wright. The first sound in the morning and the last at night, to the parsonage people, was the cheerful din of Brother Wright's industry. He was a model of diligence and fidelity in all the duties pertaining to his sphere in life. Though poor, with a large family to support, he had the respect of the whole community. He was one of the chief pillars of the church at Bostwick's Corners. He was faithful in attending all the means of grace, always ready to pray and testify in the social meetings and, in proportion to his ability, a very liberal contributor to the support of all the institutions of the gospel. He was one of the best and most useful Christians I have ever known. And yet, according to his own testimony and that of his neighbors, his character and life had been totally different down to a few years before I became his pastor. The adjectives, idle, profane, intemperate, useless, tell what he long had been. His wife supported the family. About all he ever did was to loaf around the village and roam over the hill after game which had nearly disappeared,

with an old-fashioned rifle over his shoulder. He hardly ever went to church. He was very far away from God. But divine grace got hold upon him and made him a new man through and through.

I will tell how it came about, as he told the story himself, without attempting any explanation of his strange experience. One night he woke up from a sound sleep and saw the devil, horned and grinning, standing by his bed. "I have come to get you," said the prince of the bottomless pit; "come along with me." Without a word Sylvester Wright rose up to a sitting posture, reached around to the head of the bed and laid hold of his rifle, which always stood there loaded while he slept, cocked it, brought it to his eye and fired. The devil disappeared and the man sank back into sleep. The next morning the rifle was empty and there was a bullet hole in the door. "If the devil is after me like that it's about time for me to get religion," Wright said to himself. That very night, I think it was, he went to church, where a revival meeting was in progress, went forward for prayers, told his story and got converted. I have heard him tell that story many times and it would have been impossible to make him believe that he did not actually see his satanic majesty.

There was one church at Enfield Center—a Baptist, without a pastor. My nearest church, as before stated, was at Bostwick's Corners, one

mile south. A little at the north of the Center was a "Christian" Church. People who did not belong to their communion usually pronounced their denominational name with a long I in the first syllable. There was a church of the same order at Trumbull's Corners. Both churches were served by the same pastor, who lived at Enfield Center. The "Christians" were stronger in numbers and wealth, than the Baptists or the Methodists. They were Arians. They rejected the doctrine of the Trinity with great scorn. They believed that Christ was a created being, above men and angels, but inferior to God—not eternal or almighty. They were very active and outspoken in propagating their doctrines and talked about us Methodists and to us as though we were heathen and idolaters, if not worse. Their minister was uneducated but very "wise in his own conceit." He was loud and confident and coarse. I met him almost every day in the blacksmith shop and postoffice, which were under the same roof and were managed by the same man; and almost always he would attack me on the doctrine of the Trinity, talking very loudly so as to attract the attention of all who were in sight, and frequently using rough, blasphemous and almost obscene language. I generally tried to avoid him and always refused to be drawn into an argument. But I became so stirred up by his ignorance and impudence that I resolved at length to preach on the doctrine of the Trinity. I wrote

out a sermon on that subject with the greatest care, giving much study and prayer and time to its elaboration. I made it as perfect as I could in every respect. I felt that God was helping me. I gave notice one Sunday at Bostwick's Corners that I would preach on the Trinity the next Sunday afternoon. The appointed day was pleasant and the large auditorium was nearly full when I arrived from my morning appointment. The "Christian" minister was there with nearly all his Enfield Center people. The Lord helped me most wonderfully; the Word was with power. I did not attack the "Christians" or their minister or make any allusion to them. I did not deal in personalities. I did not utter one word that was likely to sting or offend. I showed that the doctrine of the Trinity was according to Scripture and was not contradictory to reason. My heart was hot with holy jealousy for the Triune God; my intellect was kindled to a white heat; my tongue was unloosed and tipped with flame. Every sentence that came from my lips seemed to be a shell, and I thought I could see it strike and explode. The "Christian" minister was as meek as a lamb. I think everybody was convinced at the time that Father, Son and Holy Ghost are each divine, and that in the "unity of the Godhead there are three persons, of one substance, power and eternity." I frequently met the "Christian" minister after that; but he never again uttered a word about the Trinity to me. He

was always gracious and polite. I heard of no more slurs from his people against the Baptists and Methodists. I am informed that those two "Christian" churches long ago disappeared.

The first collection I ever took for the church benevolences was for the Freedmen's Aid Society, at Trumbull's Corners. I preached about the Negroes, the wrongs they had suffered in slavery, their providential emancipation, and our obligations to educate and Christianize them, and urged the people to make a liberal offering in their behalf. As the collection plates were going around, one of the most influential members of the church exclaimed, in tones which everybody in the house could hear: "I won't give a cent to educate the niggers; but I would give a hundred dollars to have them all killed!" It is unnecessary to tell what his political affiliations were; and yet he had been a soldier in the Union army.

I gave much attention to pastoral visitation, while I was on Enfield charge, as I have through all my ministry. But I could never satisfy the people. One summer day I drove five miles, with my wife and baby, to visit a certain family, leaving home as early as nine o'clock and not getting back before dark. We spent almost the whole day, and had a very pleasant time, of course. The entire family did everything possible to make the visit delightful to us. When we were all in the buggy and had exchanged the last good-bys with the family standing in the door, the good man of

the house said: "Well, Brother Winchester, when are you coming to make us a visit?"

September 1, 1872, I became a member, on probation, of Central New York Conference. On the same day East Genesee Conference died by the sword of the executioner, sentence of death having been pronounced upon her by the General Conference in the month of May. She was hacked in two from the head downward. One half of her body fell into the Central New York Conference, and the other half into the Genesee, which then took the name Western New York. The Central New York had been a spring conference; and the East Genesee a fall or summer conference. It was ordered that the united body should henceforth meet in the fall. So the conference year 1871 and 1872 was six months long to the Central New Yorkers and fourteen months long to the East Geneseeans. As the year drew near an end, I made up my mind that it would be best for me to move, although I had every reason to believe that it was the universal desire of the people that I should remain. I said to them and to the presiding elder: "There must be a new church and parsonage built at the Center. Such an enterprise as that requires the service of a more experienced leader than I am. Beside I must have time for study. It is best for the charge and for me that I move. Please, let me go."

Conference met at Palmyra, October 9. I drove with my wife and baby to Lima, and thence

went to conference alone. Bishop Jesse T. Peck presided. It was the first conference over which he ever had the presidency. As he needed to be coached, Bishop Janes was present to prompt and instruct. At that conference I was admitted into full connection and ordained deacon. There were eleven others admitted at the same time, all of whom have passed over the river but Elbert A. Peck and Hiram W. Williams of Central New York Conference, and G. Chapman Jones, of Genesee.

Gloom was cast over the session by the fatal illness of Charles Zopher Case, pastor of First Church, Elmira, who was taken from the seat of conference to Clinton Springs Sanatorium and died four days after our adjournment. He was one of the noblest sons of East Genesee and a most gifted and lovable man.

Funny, as well as sad, things take place at conference. News of the October state elections came while we were at Palmyra, making sure the re-election of President Grant against Horace Greeley in November. The Republican Club, through its President, invited his guest, B. I. Ives to address a jollification meeting. The Democrats, dreading the sting of Brother Ives' wit and sarcasm, waited on Bishop Peck and requested him to command Brother Ives not to speak. Of course the Bishop told them that his power did not extend as far as that. Brother Ives spoke and he made the poor Democrats wish that they

had not put their fingers in his dish. Some of the things he said about the Democratic party and Mr. Greeley I would record had I the space and did I believe that they would be spiritually edifying to my readers.

I saw Bishop Peck's picture taken while he was asleep. Photographer Elton invited us all to come to his studio and sit for negatives, at his expense, except as we might wish to purchase copies. One afternoon the two bishops came in. While waiting for his turn, Bishop Peck fell asleep in his chair. Mr. Elton wheeled his camera around and caught a fine negative. I have seen several copies of the same.

When the appointments were read, I heard my name for Millport, Elmira District. From Conference I went to Lima. On Saturday I went to Millport by rail. Monday I returned to Lima. Wednesday we started to drive back to Enfield. We reached the old yellow parsonage Friday at five in the afternoon. We had made no preparation for moving, as we could not know that we would move. To our horror, we found all our belongings scattered about the dooryard. My militant successor and his Amazonian spouse had forced their way into the house, ripped up our parlor carpet, without extracting a nail, and literally pitched carpet, beds, books, pictures, clothing, bric-a-brac, baby's things, everything out

doors, and were nicely settled in their new home. They offered no apology ; but the Amazon gave us a severe and, I suppose, deserved lecture on our tardiness in getting back from Conference. The situation was too much for words then, and I have no suitable words for it now.

CHAPTER XV.

GETTING SEASONED.

We left Enfield amid the tears of the people, mingling out tears with theirs. They have lived in my heart ever since—the Porters, the Fishers, the Griffins, the Barbers, the Clarks, the Purdys and many other families whom there is not space to name. How kind they were! They manifested their love to us in every way. Many of them visited us, again and again, in the homes which we had after we left them. We corresponded with some of them for years. One dear sister, to whom we felt special obligation, has written me many delightful letters within the last four years, when she was more than ninety years old. There was the sister who, with her husband, visited us every Friday night when we were at Enfield. They came to attend a special prayer meeting, in which a goodly number of us sought to know the deepest things of God. She always brought us a two-quart bottle of what she called milk. Our present milk-man would call it the richest kind of cream. There was that veteran of the Civil War, who shod my horse and handed out my mail and did me a hundred favors which money could not buy. I had the joy of seeing him enlist in the army of Jesus Christ. He is

living yet. His grandson, a tall man, with his wife and son, rang my door-bell not many months ago and delivered me a message he sent. I wonder now how I could have brought myself to leave those friends. But it was well for them. Not long after I left them, the old yellow parsonage gave place to a modern and elegant house; and the old church at Bostwick's Corners vanished away, and a much better one was erected at the Center.

Millport was a village of about seven hundred inhabitants, situated in a deep and narrow valley, thirteen miles north of Elmira and nine miles south of Watkins. Through the valley runs a considerable stream. In my day there was also a canal, which blended with Seneca Lake at Watkins and the Chemung River at Corning and extended south, through Elmira, into the State of Pennsylvania and on, I think, to the city of Philadelphia. Millport had seen its best days when I went there to live. It had been a center for the boat-building industry, till the timber was gone and the railroads had almost killed the canals. When I first saw it, it presented a dilapidated appearance, with scarcely a building which showed a particle of paint. But there was considerable manufacturing—an iron foundry, a furniture factory and two flouring mills—and there was a flourishing trade with the surrounding farming country.

Millport had two churches. The Methodist

had been the only one for many years, till about a year before my arrival. Connected with the Methodist congregation was a large and influential family, which assumed to boss the whole community. The head of the family had long controlled a section of the canal and the hiring and discharging of all the lock-tenders and the laborers who kept the water-way in repair. He kept a store, had some money and was very captivating in his manners toward those he wished to use. In one way and another, he and his family managed to have half of the people of Millport under their combined thumb and to run the only church in the place. One of the sons of this family was a blind man. He and his wife and a cousin were the only members of the tribe who belonged to the church. This blind man got out of sorts with my predecessor, John T. Canfield. The fault was wholly with the blind man, I am confident. There came a time when he found that the pastor was not his hired man. The blind man and his whole tribe withdrew from the Methodist congregation, swearing eternal vengeance against the Methodist Church. They went to a Baptist deacon, living in the place, and said: "Come! let's start a new church. We'll make it a Baptist Church, and we'll tear that cursed old Methodist Church all to pieces," or words to that effect. The deacon jumped at the chance of doing such a Christian deed as to destroy a sister denomination. He owned an old abandoned Presbyterian Church ed-

ifice, which he had long rented as a village hall for all sorts of shows, good and bad. He donated this building (perhaps he got something for it). It was transformed into a neat and attractive place of worship. The great denomination to which the Deacon and his family and a few other Millportites belonged, adopted the ill-begotten ecclesiastical brat; and a pastor was called and duly installed. This was the situation when I began my pastorate at Millport. The new enterprise had drawn away about two scores of Methodist members and many scores of attendants and supporters, created dissension among some of those who remained in the Methodist congregation, sown discord through the whole community, and, seemingly, done the cause of religion very serious damage.

While I am on this subject I will give the conclusion. When the story to this point was told me, I said: "The blind man will soon be pastor of the Baptist Church." Everyone thought I was wild. But so it turned out. The blind man was a spoiled child. He was fond of toys. He thought that a church and a pulpit would be nice playthings. He told his father so, and the old man got them for him. Within two years a subservient majority gave the man who was physically blind, and to whom all moral obligations were obscure, a call to the pastorate, kicked out the opposing deacon and nearly all the original Baptists and secured the ordination and installation

of their blind guide, by vote of a hoodwinked Association of Baptist Churches. The old deacon, in a conversation with me, likened himself to a man who bought a field on which was a barn and a wild mule. By dint of long coaxing he got the mule into the barn, when the creature kicked him out. Soon after the beginning of my third year at Millport I had the Baptists and most of the seceding Methodists back in my congregation.

Millport was a good appointment for a beginner like me. The salary was seven hundred dollars, all of which was paid quite promptly. There was also an annual donation, which averaged one hundred and fifty dollars; and my wedding fees were about twenty-five dollars a year. So I had an income of eight hundred and seventy-five dollars, besides many presents for our table. The church edifice at Millport was a large and convenient structure of wood, and it was well filled almost every Sunday morning and evening. The parsonage was fairly good—very good, compared with the old yellow house at Enfield. The church and parsonage had the best location in the village. Besides the church at Millport there was a church at Pine Valley, three miles south, where I preached every Sunday afternoon. It was a union church; but we were the only people who held regular services there.

My labors on Millport charge were very severe. I did my regular Sunday preaching; I often preached between the Sundays; I held twenty-

five weeks of revival services during the three years; I officiated at a great number of funerals; I did a very large amount of pastoral visiting up and down the valleys and over the hills; I taught a Sunday School class; I carefully wrote a new sermon almost every week; I kept up my conference studies for two years; I prepared and delivered a course of lectures on astronomy, and I performed much outside work, addresses and lectures on different subjects at home and abroad. My regular Sunday work was the following: I preached Sunday morning at Millport, usually a sermon which I had wrought out with the greatest care and written and rewritten, but which I did not take to the pulpit except in my head and heart. I taught a large Bible class and reviewed the lesson, in the Sunday School with a black-board exercise. After a hasty lunch, I drove to my out appointment and preached a sermon which had been delivered at Millport some previous Sunday, and led a class meeting. As soon as I had gotten into my buggy for the homeward drive I began to think out a new sermon for the evening. Reaching the parsonage, I shut myself into the study and set all my mental machinery in operation, under the highest pressure, to complete the fashioning of the evening discourse. At half-past six I went to the church and led a prayer service an hour long. After the prayer meeting I preached the new-born sermon, which, I think, was usually the most effective of the three. Then

I went home, ate my third meal and went to bed. I usually got so exhausted from my Sunday labors that I was not myself until Wednesday morning.

All the time I was at Millport I followed the advice of John Wesley and made the doctrine of entire sanctification, as a distinct experience received by faith subsequent to regeneration, prominent. I did not preach it every time, or every other time, or every tenth time. I believe that I preached upon as many different themes as any minister in the conference. But I did not neglect the great, distinguishing doctrine of Methodism. The Wesleyan doctrine of entire sanctification was very unpopular at Millport. There was a special reason for this. The only persons in the church who professed to enjoy the "blessing" were Brother and Sister Blank, who were cranky and disagreeable to a high degree. Five years before I went to Millport, Sister Blank came home from camp meeting and said that she was "wholly sanctified." Immediately after she raised a big row in the choir, of which she was a member, and acted as though she was possessed of the devil. Everybody said: "If that's sanctification, I hope I shall never catch it." That is what I was told. And so, instead of going to God's Word and the writings of holy men and women to find out what sanctification is, they set their eyes on those mistaken professors and disliked and opposed the truth. The very words,

“sanctification,” and “holiness,” and “perfect love,” and the “baptism of the Holy Ghost,” were a stench in the nostrils of nearly all the members of Millport Methodist Episcopal Church. I thought that the very fact that the “grand depositum of Methodism” was misunderstood and spit at was the best possible reason why I should make it prominent in my pulpit ministrations and cause honest and intelligent men and women to know what it really is; and the result of my three years of labor proved that I was right.

CHAPTER XVI.

WONDERS OF DIVINE GRACE.

One of the most influential men in the Methodist Church, in the village of Millport and the town of Veteran was Moses Cole. He was postmaster and justice of the peace, for the latter; and trustee and class leader in the former. He was a very intelligent and honorable man and a sincere and consistent Christian. He was one of the chief supporters of the church, both in its temporalities and its spiritualities. He and I were good friends all the time I was in Millport, and not one unpleasant word ever passed between us. But he was very strongly prejudiced against the Wesleyan doctrine of Christian holiness. His class meeting was held after the Sunday morning service, in the auditorium, while the Sunday school was in session in the rooms in the rear. The first time I preached on holiness, distinctly, he made a bitter attack upon the sermon in the class meeting immediately after. I was not present; but his words were reported to me by one who was. He kept up that kind of warfare for a year or more. Just so surely as I held up the doctrine of heart purity, as taught by St. Paul and the Wesleys and in the standards of the Methodist Church, this class-leader would fire

off a bomb in the class meeting. His course was wholly unjustifiable and very wrong. He deserved to be severely rebuked. But I was young and he was old; and I might go too far, if I went at all. So I kept perfectly still and did not pay the slightest attention to what he said, either in public or private. At the same time I took pains to cultivate his friendship and to win his respect and affection. I am sure I succeeded. But I kept right on preaching holiness, as often as I thought best, and just as emphatically, though not in any way antagonistically, as though I had his hearty approval. His opposition gradually died away. Long before I left the charge there were scores in the church who modestly and sweetly bore testimony that "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." The preaching of the doctrine of "perfect love" on that charge bore a large crop of wheat, unmixed with tares. I preached Brother Cole's funeral sermon four months before the end of my pastorate. That he was a true Christian, I have not the slightest doubt. But, so far as I know, he never changed his mind about the doctrine of entire sanctification. It is a wonder how so good a Christian could oppose what Bishop Peck calls "the Central Idea of Christianity." But he was a man of strong prejudices; and, I suppose, his young pastor did not present the truth in just the right way to appeal to his judgment.

There was a dear old lady in the Millport

church who had been seeking the blessing of perfect love for twenty-five years. That was her own testimony. She had one of the largest and best collection of books on the subject of Holiness that I have ever seen. She took one or more holiness periodicals, and was constantly talking on that subject, when she could find any one to talk with her. She understood the theory of full salvation to the finest point. She was a splendid guide-board to the Land of Beulah; but guide-boards never walk. She could not enter in. When I had been her pastor for about a year and a half, I heard her say, in a social meeting, for about the hundredth time: "I am seeking the blessing of perfect love. I have been seeking for many years. I know the way is by faith. I am trying to believe." As I heard her repeat those familiar words, a sort of holy impatience seized me and I shouted out, in loud, quick, sharp, explosive syllables: "Why don't you stop trying to believe and BELIEVE?" She almost jumped from her seat, with a loud "Oh-h-h-h!" and began to clap her hands and shout: "I've got it! I've got it! I've got it!" I frightened her out of her chronic unbelief, over the line into the land of Canaan, on whose borders she had been standing for a quarter of a century. From that hour on, as long as I knew her, she bore humble and confident testimony to the fact that the Other Comforter had come into her heart to abide.

Millport charge was blessed with four power-

ful revivals while I was pastor. There were some very wonderful conversions. On the evening of February 27, 1873, while I was preaching in the Millport Church, I noticed a refined looking woman sitting by the side of a very rough looking man. When the invitation to seek Christ was given, she arose and came and knelt at the altar. One of the brethren who was going through the congregation inviting seekers approached the rough looking man, and he immediately yelled out: "No, I won't go forward for prayers!" After church I asked one of the brethren who the couple were. I was informed that the man's name was Barber; that he was a very rough, profane, wicked and hateful man, and that he had not been seen in church before for many years. "Let's go and see him tomorrow," I said. "All right," was the reply.

The next day we drove up to see Mr. Barber. He met us at the gate and, without a word of introduction, growled out: "You can go into the house if you want to; I am going to the mill." We went to the door and were politely received by Mrs. Barber.

While sitting, in imagination, by the kitchen stove, I will tell what I afterwards heard from the lips of the man and woman. He was noted for his profanity and for his rough, savage, passionate temper. He had few friends and was generally avoided by his neighbors. He had not been inside the church for ten years, except on a few

funeral occasions. He was utterly godless, fearing neither the powers above nor the powers below. The evening before his wife said: "Charlie, there is a revival down at the Methodist Church. I think I will go down. Don't you want to go, too?" Something made him answer, "Yes." So he hitched up his horses and they started. On the way down to the village Mrs. Barber remarked: "Charlie, I think I shall go forward for prayers; won't you?" Instantly he burst into a furious passion. "No, I won't, and if you are going to be such a —— fool, I won't live with you. I won't turn you out of the house, but I'll run away and leave you." All the rest of the way to the church he was as ugly and abusive as the devil could make him. He drove up to the platform near the church door and let his wife get out of the wagon without help. The last thing she heard as she was entering the house of God was a volley of horrid imprecations from the lips of her husband. As soon as the woman got out of range of the man's blasphemy, he turned his team about to drive home. He drove along about four hundred yards till he came opposite Jesse Rhodes' ginmill. Then he lost himself. When he came to he was headed in the opposite direction and was directly in front of the church. He swore an awful oath along with the words: "I won't go in there." Again he lost consciousness, as it afterward seemed to him. When he came to himself he had hitched his team in the sheds and was go-

ing into the church. He stopped; he damned himself for a fool; he swore: "I won't go in." But in he went and took a seat by his wife. All the way home, and nearly all night, and all the morning he was swearing and damning his wife and declaring that he would not live with her. Just before Brother Blank and I appeared on the scene, he was saying to his wife: "Now that you've got religion we shall have the minister living on us all the time." Glancing through the window, he saw us approaching the gate. "There, what did I tell you? There they are now. But I won't stay. I'm going to the mill."

We had not been in the house five minutes when back Mr. Barber came and took a seat by the stove without a word. I said to him: "I was glad to see you at church last night. Don't you want to be a Christian?" "No," he answered, in a very angry tone. "I don't want to be a Christian. The worst people I ever had anything to do with were Christians." I reasoned with him a few minutes, when he broke down and began to cry like a child, saying: "I wish I could be a Christian; but I've been so wicked that there's no salvation for me. If you knew how wicked I am you would not come near me." That was just what I wanted to hear him say. I pointed him to the Savior, prayed with him, secured a promise that he would come to church that night, and left him, believing that he would be saved.

Barber kept his promise. As soon as the in-

vation was given, he almost ran to the altar. He prayed aloud for himself. He fairly screamed for mercy. He did not get satisfaction that night. He came to the parsonage the next afternoon. I asked him, "Has the Lord saved you?" "I don't know," he answered. "Have you felt like swearing since you went forward for prayers?" "No, not at all." "What have you been doing today?" "The first thing I did was to hitch up my team and drive over the hill five miles to see one of my old cronies and ask him to become a Christian."

It was not long before Charlie Barber knew he was saved. He was saved, indeed. The profanity and roughness were all gone. He was as gentle as a dove and as sweet and teachable as a child. Even his face seemed changed. The same features were there; but a transformed soul and a new spirit looked out through those eyes and made him beautiful. I could tell many things about the new Charlie Barber which would convince the most skeptical that he was a twice-born man. Soon after his conversion a severe trial came upon him—the loss of a large amount of property through no fault of his. But he bore it like a veteran saint. He was not disturbed in the least. He removed to a Western state about a year after his conversion, and I have not seen him since. But at the last report he was living for God and a better world. God saved that man; not the machinery of the revival. O, for a return of the days when sinners got under such conviction

that they did not have to be coaxed to the altar of prayer and got so soundly converted that they knew, and everybody else knew, that they were saved. I think the secret of Barber's conviction and conversion was that the Spirit of Supplication was mightily poured out on God's people and they were wrestling day and night for the awakening of the whole community. A large proportion of the church could pray then. How few there are now whose voices we ever hear in prayer. If that is pessimism, it is the truth. I can see a change which has come over the church generally in forty years.

The next winter there was a larger ingathering of souls. One day, at a home where I called, I found a woman who was under conviction, though she had not been in church for a very long time. I helped her to get to the cross, and did not leave her till she gave evidence of being gloriously converted. That night she and her husband came to church. He was one of the hardest looking specimens I ever saw. He sought the Lord and seemed to be thoroughly in earnest. The third night he spoke with much assurance and told us that he was going to serve God as long as he should live. I never saw him in church again. On inquiry I learned the following facts: Near the close of the Civil War an old soldier came to Millport with a considerable sum of money on his person. He hired my convert and another man to drive him to Catherine, some ten

miles to the northeast. They started off in a sleigh, taking two women of shady reputation with them. The old soldier never saw Catherine. His remains were found in the woods off in that direction. The men were suspected but not arrested; and one of them fled the country. After some years one of the women died. On her deathbed she sent for a minister and confessed to him that she witnessed and abetted the murder of the soldier. The man was arrested and tried. But there was no real evidence against him except the reported confession of the woman, and the court threw that out as "hearsay" testimony. So he went free, though the whole community and, probably the judge and the jury, believed him to be guilty. My theory is that he sought the Lord in earnest and that the divine light shone upon him, but that immediately he saw that he would have to confess his crime and take the consequences. This he was not willing to do, and so he fell back into the darkness from which he had nearly emerged.

CHAPTER XVII.

MILLPORT MISCELLANEA.

I was permitted to see three prosperous years on the Millport charge. Ninety-three persons professed conversion and joined the church. That may not seem a large number; but Millport was a small village and the rural population was small and scattered. I was aided in my work the second winter by my Cazenovia friend, E. G. W. Hall, who had become an evangelist in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada. He gave me a month of valuable assistance. The charge was blessed with one local preacher all through the period of my pastorate, and with two my second and third years. With the help of these two brethren, Henry Stimpson and O. P. Livingston, I carried out a plan which gave regular Sunday afternoon preaching to four out-appointments. Perry Livingston, as everybody called him, was a remarkable man. He was a native of that locality. When I went to Millport he was, I think, past fifty years of age. He never married. He was very bashful. He had an impediment in his speech. Most persons would call him awkward and homely. His training in school had been almost nothing. He was one of nature's gentlemen. He was a student. He was a schol-

ar. He used chaste and elegant English. Everybody had absolute confidence in his honesty and Christian character. He was mighty—not noisy—in prayer. He was a preacher whom everybody liked to hear. Over all that country he could draw an audience any day in the week. He labored as a supply pastor for many years. He was thus employed my first year at Millport. After that he was my right-hand man in all spiritual work.

There was a noisy and blatant infidel residing at Millport. I think, in his heart, he believed that the Bible was God's book. But he hated God and the Christian religion with all his soul. He and I were good friends; but I hardly ever met him when he did not have some venom on his tongue to spit out at the things which I held most sacred and dear. He talked his infidelity to everybody who would listen, and had a considerable following in the village. If he was introduced to a stranger, he thrust in his infidel talk the very first thing. One day I introduced him on the street to an old man who had just come to live in Millport. He was a Presbyterian, an uneducated man, but full of the Holy Spirit and full of Scripture. I never saw a man who could repeat as much of the Bible, or apply it as well. He was a most remarkable man in this respect. His name was McAllister. Instantly the infidel made some blasphemous thrust at the Christian religion. Brother McAllister replied with a passage

of Scripture which sent his antagonist reeling backward. Soon he returned with a second volley of infidel sophistry. McAllister struck him another staggering blow between the eyes with a sentence from the word of God. So they had it, back and forth, for many minutes. Every time the infidel opened his mouth in attempted argument, the Christian, without uttering one word, of his own, stuffed the yawning chasm with apt quotations from the living oracles of Infinite wisdom; till, at length, the infidel beat an inglorious retreat, sputtering and strangling and struggling to recover his wind. The two never met again. If they happened to be on the street at the same time, the infidel was sure to dodge to the other side and look in the opposite direction. He dropped dead without a minute's warning three months before I left Millport. I was asked to conduct his funeral services, though he had sworn that no preacher should pray over his corpse.

I attended three annual district camp meetings at North Hector, while I lived at Millport. They were all seasons of great power and many souls were saved and many received the Pentecostal blessing.

The conference session of 1874 was held at Aurora Street Church, Ithaca. I was ordained elder in Seneca Street Church (now State Street Church), by Bishop Peck, Sunday afternoon, October 12. It was in that church that Mrs. Winchester was converted at the age of twelve in a

Sunday School prayer meeting led by the superintendent. After the ordination service, she introduced her husband to the wise and good man, Brother Young, who had led her into a very bright experience of the saving grace of Christ by a few well-chosen words.

We had many fierce temperance battles while I was at Millport. The fight generally was to get the town board to refuse license; sometimes to secure enforcement of the law when there was no license. Our leader was Asher R. Frost, a trustee, steward and Sunday School superintendent in the Methodist Church. He was a strong, brave, noble man. The rummies hated him with the most intense malignity. I used to be afraid they would murder him. He lived some miles from the village, and very often had occasion to drive home alone late at night along a lonely road. If he had been waylaid and shot, I should not have been surprised in the least. If he had been a coward I think he would have been. But his absolute fearlessness made his enemies afraid. Not daring to touch him, they were inspired of Satan to do a most dastardly deed. Brother Frost had lost an only child, a noble boy who died while a student at Cornell University. His death almost broke the hearts of his father and mother. A beautiful monument had been erected over the young man's grave in the Millport cemetery. Those human devils went to the cemetery one night and smashed that monument to pieces with

sledge-hammers. That is the spirit of the rum power everywhere. It is always lawless, cruel, devilish, cowardly.

There was a dear old man living on the hill three or four miles from the church who was a great help to me. I had known him at Lima. He was one of the heaviest financial supporters of the church. He was present at almost every service, Sunday morning and evening worship, Thursday night prayer meeting and all the revival services. He was a class leader and mighty in prayer, testimony and exhortation. And yet he was old and lame and had to drive over a very rough and hilly road, and, worst of all, had great opposition at home. His wife and daughters not only never came to church with him, but did all they could to hinder his religious life. They would not let him have family prayers in peace. When he tried to read the Bible and pray they would run the sewing machine or drum on tin pans to drown his voice. But all this seemed to sweeten his spirit instead of making him bitter. He was very fond of me and used actually to hug me sometimes when we met. I have written as though the opposition he had at home was a hindrance to his religious fidelity. Perhaps it was a help. Perhaps he came to church partly to shorten his stay in purgatory and to lessen its torments. I am sure he has a splendid mansion in the New Jerusalem. If there is such a thing as

earning heaven he certainly earned that compensation.

We had a choir fuss at Millport. The official board did a very reckless thing one night about the church music. I cannot take time to tell what it was. The next day things were boiling at a fearful rate. It looked certain that the kettle would boil over and the whole church would get badly scalded. A male gossip, of great skill and much practice in that unholy art, was going about doing all the harm he could. I was badly frightened. I feared the very worst results. I knew that I could do nothing; to try to do anything would be sure to make matters worse. So, in my extremity I went to God. I prostrated myself before Him and besought Him to save the church. If I ever prevailed with the Almighty in prayer, I did then. I arose with a feeling of victory. I never heard another word about the choir trouble. There was no choir trouble. We had perfect peace; and the very best things resulted from the blunder of the official board.

My second winter at Millport, in the midst of a revival campaign, I was at prayer meeting one evening just before going over to the church to preach. I was under a great burden. I was intensely anxious for the success of a work of such awful importance. Really I was worrying; I was bearing the burden myself, instead of committing it to the omnipotent hands. God seemed to speak to me: "Whose work is this?" With the

greatest joy I answered back: "It is yours." "Well then," a voice seemed to say, "Trust it to Me. Do not worry. Go and do your best; I will take care of my cause, and all will be well." I think I have never worried over my work, God's work, since that moment. I know that the influence of that interview with the Heavenly Father has remained with me till now.

In August of 1873 I attended District Conference in Penn Yan. Dr. Dashiell, Senior Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, came there to get me to go to China as a missionary. As I now recall, he wanted me to open our work in West China. His plan was that I should spend some time with O. L. Gibson, a returned missionary, in California, studying the Chinese language, before crossing the ocean. We slept together, or lay awake talking the matter over. He was very urgent. I told him that I could not go without a special call from Heaven; that I had no such call; and that my general call to preach would not be enough to sustain me in such a trying position. I think I was right; and yet I have always had a little, lingering regret that I did not say "Yes."

One day I met Dr. O. F. Miller, one of my members, in the street. "Have you been up to see the Johnson boy?" he asked. "No, what is the matter?" I replied. "He is dying of typhoid fever; you would better go now with me," was the answer. So I went. I found a beautiful boy,

of about eleven years, tossing and moaning on a bed, with his mother weeping over him. A feeling of compassion came over me, like that, it seemed to me, which Jesus used to have when He saw the sick. At the same instant there came to my heart a very strong impression, which I was sure was from God, that, if I would pray for that child, he would recover. Divine healing was a subject to which I had never given the slightest study or thought. I had no theory or opinion on that question. But I said: "Shall we have prayer?" Of course the mother, a Christian woman, said, "Yes." I knelt and, in a few words, asked God to heal the boy. I rose and said to the mother, with the utmost assurance, "Your child will get well," though the doctor had told me that he could not possibly recover. He did get well. The incident illustrates the truth about divine healing. God does heal the sick in answer to prayer, sometimes, when He sees fit. Healing in answer to prayer is not promised to all. It is not in the atonement of Jesus Christ as the pardon of sin is. Medicines and doctors are not to be discarded. Whenever God wills to heal, He impresses some mind to pray. That is what Paul calls the "gift of faith." We cannot pray the "prayer of faith" which "shall save the sick" without that gift of faith. This view of the subject is sane and safe and ought to be taught by the Church. If it had been, Eddyism and other similar errors would not prevail as they do.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A GREAT REVIVAL.

During my third year at Millport, Presiding Edler Tousey said to me many times: "You will have to move next conference. Where do you want to go?" I always gave an evasive answer, till at last, when he was very urgent, I said: "I would not choose my place if I could. But, if I had to choose, I should like to go to one of the villages between Rochester and Syracuse on the main line of the New York Central Railroad, or the Auburn Branch." When Bishop Andrews read the appointments, at Canandaigua, September 28, 1875, I heard my name joined to the name Palmyra.

Palmyra ranked among the very best village appointments in the Central New York Conference. Palmyra is, and was, a very beautiful village, delightfully situated in the midst of a rich farming region on the four-tracked New York Central Railroad, twenty-three miles east of Rochester. It had four costly and elegant Protestant churches standing on the four corners made by the intersection of two principal streets, with a Roman Catholic Church standing a little one side, as though it would like to come into the circle. The Presbyterian and Methodist churches

on the north face the Episcopal and Baptist on the south. Four massive and sweet-toned bells, keyed to each other, ring in harmony every Sabbath morning and evening. Many elegant public and private buildings adorn the place, and there is much of culture and refinement in the community. More delightful people than the Palmyrenes I have never found. I look back upon the three years which I spent among them with the greatest pleasure.

It was a great honor, to a beginner like me, to be sent to such a charge, and I felt a degree of elation. But my elation was tempered with a very considerable amount of fear. What if I should miserably fail? Hitherto I had had no pulpit competition. Now I should be contrasted with three other men, my superiors in years and experience, and, probably, in everything else. Hitherto I had preached in little country churches and schoolhouses, to small congregations of plain and common people. How could I stand before the great congregation in that splendid temple? But my greatest terror was something else. Palmyra Methodist Episcopal Church had a bad name in the Conference. There was some fierce, wild beast there—nobody knew just what it was. Palmyra Church had never kept a pastor longer than two years. I should probably be crucified like my immediate predecessor and several before him. There was the great Brother Blank, ten times greater than I. He stayed only one

year. The first person I met as I stepped out of the pew in the church after hearing the appointments read at conference, was a female saint from Palmyra, whom I had seen at camp meeting. She looked like a whole funeral, coffin, hearse and corpse, as she shook her head and wailed: "Dreadful! dreadful! Brother Brown didn't know he was going away! They've killed him! they've killed him!" Many of my brother ministers cast queer glances at me as though they would say: "That's a fine appointment for a greenhorn like you. But we'll see what you will be at the end of the year." So I went to Palmyra with fear and trembling. I looked for snags all the first year. Not a single snag appeared. Then I stopped looking for snags and enjoyed almost unalloyed happiness until the end of the legal term of three years. I flatter myself that I could have remained many years longer had not the law stood in the way.

God gave us a great revival at Palmyra the first year. Directly and indirectly it resulted in the professed conversion of fully two hundred souls. Palmyra Church had not had a revival in many years. Very few of its members believed that it could have. Many attempts had been made, but the results of numberless protracted meetings had not, in the estimation of the official board, paid for the coal and gas which they had cost. Some of the most ardent friends of my immediate predecessor told me that he was sent

away because he did not get up a revival, and that he had no revival because the official board would not light and heat the big auditorium. I made up my mind that there would be a revival if earnest and prolonged effort could bring it to pass, no matter how big the coal and gas bills might be. I began a protracted meeting when there was no sign of a revival. The theory of some ministers is that a protracted meeting should not begin till the sky is black with clouds and "showers of mercy" have commenced to fall. My theory is the direct opposite. The fewer the signs of revival and the deader the church and the community the greater the need of a protracted meeting. A revival at Palmyra came because God gave the pastor the grit and grace and bull-dog tenacity to hold on in the face of all obstacles and all unbelief on the part of God's people till victory was won. Many a revival effort has failed because the pastor stopped the meetings too soon. God gave me courage to hold on thirteen solid weeks. Then, when I and my people were physically exhausted, the Presbyterians seized the opportunity which the Methodists had created, started a meeting, hired an evangelist and secured a hundred converts.

Our campaign began with a watch meeting. For four weeks we had prayer, testimony and exhortation in the back room of the church every night but Sunday and Saturday. We had an attendance of about a hundred, mostly professors

of religion. We cried mightily to God for a revival in our souls and among the unsaved. Some backsliders were reclaimed, a few sinners were converted and many believers were greatly strengthened. I preached every night and more sinners were saved. Then I called the official board together and told them that the time had come to take the meeting into the auditorium. They were as surprised, seemingly, as though I had proposed a trip to the moon. "Why," they said, "the little room is not full yet." "No," I said, "and it will never be. Sinners will not come because they have to get so near the battle line. Besides, they see that we have no faith in the revival, and they have none. A back room revival will never succeed. But if the meeting is taken into the large room it will soon be full and we shall have a great revival." Only one of the brethren agreed with me. One of the others, who greatly desired to see the Lord's work prosper, said, "I move that we leave this matter to the judgment of the pastor," intending that a vote should be taken. I did not want any vote, for I was sure that it would be against me. So I said: "All right. I'll take the responsibility. The meeting will be in the auditorium hereafter." It turned out just as the Lord gave me to believe. The auditorium, a very large one, was full after a few nights and continued to be for seven weeks.

For four weeks I preached and exhorted every night and the work went on grandly. We had

afternoon meetings for seven weeks for believers and seekers. Many who were wounded in the big evening meeting came to the little afternoon service to get healed and saved, and many believers experienced the blessing of perfect love. The work was very deep and thorough in most cases. The number of converts may seem small to those who read of the wonderful meetings of Billy Sunday and his thousands of converts. But let them reflect that those who sought salvation in our Palmyra revival came and knelt at the altar and the whole church gathered around them and prayed for them, and they cried out to God for themselves, and we prayed them through, and we did not let them go till the shine was on their faces and they arose from the tear-stained altar rail knowing that they were born again. I suppose I am very old-fashioned, but I would rather witness one of those conversions and hear the old saints and the young converts shout "Hallelujah" than to see twenty persons come up and shake hands with the evangelist, while the crowd clap their hands like attendants at a concert or theater.

The last three weeks of the meeting I had the very valuable assistance of Rev. D. W. Thurston of Syracuse. He was the best helper I ever had. He was a very strong preacher and was possessed of the soundest sanctified common sense. I could put the preaching and exhorting and the entire management of the meetings in his hands and feel perfectly safe.

There were many wonderful conversions in the Palmyra revival. Many hardened drunkards and Magdalenes were saved. On Canal Street lived an old couple named Buchanan. They had never taken any interest in religion or in the church. They had no hope of heaven or any treasure on earth. They had lived in sin for nearly seventy years. They came to the revival meetings, and one night they came to the altar of prayer together. The old lady came through shouting the first night. The old man hung fire for two weeks or longer. One night I knelt down in front of him with the altar rail between us. "Brother Buchanan," I said, "what is the matter with you?" "I don't know," he replied. "Have you given all to God? Are you willing to do anything He wants you to do?" I asked. "Yes," he said. "Well, then, pray." "I can't." "You can; you must. Repeat after me, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'" He uttered that little prayer once, twice. He began it the third time. When he was about half way through the fire fell and he began to shout the praises of God. Solomon and Nancy Buchanan lived beautiful, faithful, growing Christian lives for many years and died in the faith. The latter sent me a message of victory from her dying bed.

A refined young lady, too refined to seek salvation like a common sinner, groaned under awful conviction for many months. She would do anything but go to a Methodist altar. At length I

saw her gloriously saved before she got out of the pew into the aisle, when she surrendered and said: "I will go."

Mary A. Swan was an aged negress. She was a dreadful drunkard. She was so ignorant that she could not read. She was powerfully and gloriously saved in our revival. I baptized her and received her into the church on trial and in full connection. She became a wonder to us all in her gift of prayer and testimony (the New Testament calls it prophecy). She delighted us at prayer meeting by her quaint and original way of stating the common facts of Christian experience. The Holy Spirit led her into the very secret place of the Most High. We all loved her, dear Auntie Swan, as we called her. I officiated at her funeral just two years to a day after I baptized her. The funeral was at the church, and many were the mourners, though she had no kindred. She had a beautiful death. She was oblivious to all about her. She thought she was at a railway station waiting for a train to the New Jerusalem. She heard the train approaching. It stopped. She heard the "All aboard." She said: "I'm going; good-bye," and she was off for eternal glory.

CHAPTER XIX.

AFTER THE REVIVAL.

The revival at Palmyra was the work of the Almighty. But there were many human agencies and agents. One of these remains to be mentioned. There was an old colored man in the Palmyra Church. His name was Tudor E. Grant. He was very old. I don't think he, or anyone, knew his age. I think he was about ninety. He had been a slave in the State of New York. He was intelligent and refined. He lived in close intimacy with heaven. If ever I knew a saint, he was one. He was greatly respected and esteemed by his brothers and sisters in the church. He was at church the first two Sundays of my pastorate at Palmyra, though I did not happen to see him, and no one told me about him. The following week I went into a barber shop, belonging to Father Grant's son-in-law, and sat down to be shaved. Father Grant was ready to serve me. As soon as he began to apply the lather to my face he began to talk religion. I thought he was the strangest barber I had ever seen. The particular subject of his talk was a revival in Palmyra. Palmyra must have a revival and very soon. Thursday evening I attended my first prayer meeting in Palmyra. Father Grant was there.

He prayed with great fervor, eloquence and power. The whole burden of his prayer was: "Oh, Lord, revive thy work in Palmyra." He took an early part in the testimony service. All he talked about was a revival. And so it was for three months, till the revival came. I cannot remember that I ever heard him talk about anything, in public or private, but a revival. The great thought in his mind, and the one desire of his heart, seemed to be: "One more revival before I die. Then I shall be ready to depart in peace!" When the revival was under way he was almost too happy to live. He came to almost every meeting, evening and afternoon, although he was feeble and growing feebler. The last of the special services was held the last day of March. He never went to church again. He went home and went to bed. He knew his end had come. He was gloriously happy. He longed to go. He waited just eleven days. I was with him a little before he passed away. He called for a glass of water. I brought it to him. He held it up for a few seconds before drinking and, as his face glowed with an unearthly light, he said: "The next time I drink it will be in the New Jerusalem from the River of Life!" I believed then, and I believe now, that, more than any other human agency, the prayers of Father Grant were the cause of the revival at Palmyra. I want to record my conviction that our home communities, and the heathen world, are to be saved through

prayer as much as through preaching. Right here is the great weakness of the twentieth century church—there is not enough of prayer. If I could live over the years of my ministry, I would not give any less effort and energy to pulpit work and pulpit preparation; but I would spend a great deal more time in prayer.

When the revival meetings closed I was nearly sick from physical and nervous exhaustion. My burden through the three months had been made greater by the sickness of my wife. I took her to a sanitarium and the little daughter to her grandparents at Lima, and went away for a month's vacation. I spent a week in the home of the Doctors Strong at Saratoga. Then I visited the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, looked in upon the General Conference at Baltimore and enjoyed four days of sight-seeing in Washington. At the General Conference I heard the great debate upon the question of an elective presiding-eldership. The speakers were giants. The proposition to give the annual conferences the power to elect the presiding elders got such a bruising that it has hardly stirred since that day. At Washington I heard Dr. J. M. Buckley preach, on Sunday morning in Metropolitan Church, and, with a letter of introduction from Dr. John P. Newman, called at the White House Monday morning and enjoyed a conversation with President Grant.

When I joined the conference, and for some

time afterward, I was not absolutely sure that God had called me to preach. In times of physical exhaustion and nervous depression the devil would torment me by telling me that I had no right to preach and that I had committed the fearful crime of running as a messenger for the Great King before I was sent. Of course, I did not recognize the satanic origin of the suggestion; I was not sure that it was not from the Holy Spirit. These thoughts came to me in the physical and mental reaction which followed the thirteen weeks of revival labor at Palmyra. One day while I was in Washington walking on Pennsylvania Avenue, that old, black interrogation point began to dance before my eyes, as in the months gone by; only this time it was bottomsides up. Instead of saying: "Don't you think you ought to preach?" it seemed to make faces at me and say: "You are a fool to think that you have a divine call to preach." Surrounded with wealth and power and pomp and pride, I was tempted to despise the humble life of a poor Methodist itinerant. I stood still. I clenched my fist. I raised my arm. I brought it down almost to the horizontal. The sentence: "I will never preach again" was half formed on my lips, when that same voice which had whispered: "Don't you think you ought to preach," in the gallery of the old church at Fairfield, shouted as loud as thunder: "If you stop preaching, you will lose your soul." I do not need to be told that there was really no voice. But

it seemed to me that there was, and that it was so loud that it must have been heard from the Capitol to the Presidential Mansion. That settled the question so that it has stayed settled. My doubts about my life work were gone forever. I went to work, thanking God for the providence which sent me to Washington.

When I left Palmyra, on my vacation trip, May 2, I was a member of Central New York Conference. When I returned, June 1, I was a member of East Genesee Conference, the General Conference having restored that body, in a badly mutilated condition, on the last day of May.

After the revival, and as long as I remained at Palmyra, I devoted myself, with all my might, to training the young converts, to preparing and preaching such sermons as I thought would be most likely to promote the spiritual life of believers and bring more souls to Christ, to lifting the benevolent collections to the highest attainable point, to getting the church periodicals into as many homes as possible, to the culture of my own mind and heart and to the doing of everything else which I deemed obligatory and within the compass of my powers. There was quite an extensive revival and ingathering of souls during my third year. The flock of God grew in grace. The benevolent offerings were largely increased. I obtained more subscribers for the "Advocates" than on any other charge of which I have been pastor. When I left Palmyra the Christian Advo-

cate list numbered twenty-nine; and the Northern thirty-one. In my later pastorates I could nowhere obtain a list which compared with the ones at Palmyra. Are our Methodist people losing their relish for religious reading?

East Genesee Conference met at Asbury Church, Rochester, October 4, 1876, under the presidency of Bishop Simpson. The Western New York Conference met, at the same time, at LeRoy, with Bishop Ames in the chair. On the sixth of October a grand marriage ceremony was celebrated by which the two conferences became one, with Genesee as the family name. The Western New York brethren came to Rochester in a body and blended with us of the East Genesee. As we sat in Asbury Church, awaiting their delayed arrival, some brother started the song "Hold the Fort." Just as we were singing the words, "See the mighty host advancing, Satan leading on," the massive form of Bishop Ames appeared in the doorway, with the brethren from LeRoy just behind. The effect was anything but solemn. Sunday morning Bishop Simpson preached at Asbury Church. It was a great sermon, but not as great in its effect as the one which I heard at Syracuse in 1870. Bishop Ames preached at the same time in First Church. By chance the two Bishops preached from the same text: "Our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." I became a member of the Genesee

Conference on the fourth of October, 1876. On the fourth of October, 1875, I was a member of Central New York Conference. On the first day of June, 1876, I became a member of East Genesee Conference. So I belonged to three different conferences, within the space of one calendar year, without moving.

November 30, 1876, I preached the Thanksgiving sermon, at a union service at the Presbyterian Church. The fires of political passion were burning very hot. Nobody knew who had been elected President, Hayes or Tilden. I preached on the state of the nation. I knew that I was walking on thin ice, and I tried to be cautious and non-partisan. In the midst of my discourse I made some assertion, which I believed to be true and conservative. Before me sat a Presbyterian ruling elder, who, during the war, had been an intense "copperhead." Instantly he shouted out: "That's a lie." I paid no attention to the interruption, but went on without the loss of a second.

Palmyra was the birthplace of Mormonism. The books say "Manchester." The facts are that the village of Palmyra occupies the southwest corner of the township of Manchester and of the County of Wayne. The Smith family lived just over the line in the township of Manchester and the County of Ontario. But all their social and business relations were with Palmyra. Palmyra was their post office, if they were civilized enough to write or receive any letters. I have dined in

the house where Joe Smith lived with his parents. I have been in the office in Palmyra many times, where the first edition of the Book of Mormon was printed. I was well acquainted with Major Gilbert, who set the type for that miserable publication. I have heard many stories about Joe and his relatives, from old people who remembered them well. One of my official members lived on the farm which one of Joe's dupes mortgaged to furnish funds to print the book. I have ridden past the hill where Joe pretended that he dug up the golden plates, on the road to Canadaigua, scores of times. According to all accounts, the Smiths were a low-lived and vicious set. Joe was a man of a very inferior type, intellectually and morally. His highest gift was foxy, devilish, cunning. They were all outside of the Church and its influences. Mrs. Eaton, the gifted wife of the Presbyterian pastor, used to say that the awful blight of Mormonism might have been prevented if the Christians of Palmyra had done their duty in trying to get Joe Smith, when a boy, into the Sunday school.

CHAPTER XX.

A TEMPERANCE REVIVAL.

There was a fierce war in Palmyra, while I lived there, between the friends of temperance and the rum power. The sharpest fighting was in my third year. The temperance army was composed chiefly of members of the Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian churches. Some of the members of those congregations were on the side of whisky, and there were many non-church-members and a few Episcopalians who fought earnestly for the right. The leaders of the temperance forces were the Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist pastors. The most prominent leader on the other side was the Episcopalian rector. I am bringing no railing accusation against a sister denomination; but I am stating the simple truth.

Our greatest leader was Dr. Horace Eaton, the Presbyterian pastor. He was one of the grandest men I have ever been associated with. He was thirty-three years my senior, and had been pastor in Palmyra twenty-six years when I went there. His Palmyra pastorate lasted thirty years. He was a ripe scholar, a clear thinker, a sound theologian, a strong preacher, a devout Christian, an ardent philanthropist and a

genuine, sincere, tender-hearted man. He was universally respected, and everybody but the friends of vice loved him. He was looked upon as the pastor of the whole community. Everybody went to him, who was in trouble, from every church and from no church. He was one of my best friends. Indeed, he was a kind of a father to me. He made me his confidant and told me things about his work and his church which he would not tell to any of his official counselors. In his wisdom and experience he might have taken advantage of my greenness to boost his church at the expense of mine; but Dr. Eaton never did that, because it was utterly foreign to his nature. He could not be mean. Well, as I began to say, Dr. Eaton was a temperance man of the most radical sort and was commander-in-chief of all the temperance forces. He had been a total abstainer from his boyhood. He hated rum with all his soul, and yet he had a regular rum nose. One day he told me a story at the expense of that organ. He and a friend were fishing in Lake Ontario, from a boat which they had hired, with its owner to row for them. At noon the fishermen partook of a lunch which they had brought with them. The oarsman had his lunch, too, and a bottle of whiskey, from which he drank freely. At length he offered the bottle to Dr. Eaton. It was politely refused, with the words "I never drink." The man stared at the preacher's nose with blank incredulity and then said: "Well, if

you don't drink, you had better take down your sign." With all its attractiveness and with all its morality and piety, Palmyra was a rum-soaked town when I went there. My recollection is that it had between twenty-five and fifty licensed places for the sale of intoxicating liquors. Beside the hotels and saloons, every drug store and all the groceries but one or two, sold the wretched stuff which makes paupers, criminals and fools. The worst places in the village were drug stores kept by men who claimed high respectability, went to church and were given the best seats in the sanctuaries, which they cursed with their presence. One of them was a Presbyterian elder. A man in the Methodist Church owned property occupied for saloon purposes. He did, when I went to Palmyra; he did not when I left.

We went to work to change this state of things. We had frequent union Sunday evening temperance meetings, at which we three took turns in pouring out the hottest temperance truth we knew how. This we kept up till April, 1877. Then two brothers, named Frost, from the state of Maine, came and opened a "blue ribbon" campaign, going from church to church. The chief aim was to get signers to the pledge. They were mild-mannered men who stirred up no opposition, although they did much good. They stayed about three weeks and secured nine hundred and twenty-five signatures to the pledge. They organized a Reform Club, made up of reformed

drunkards and men who wished to help them. It grew to large proportions, held together for years and was the means of much good.

In the month of November a strange being appeared among us uninvited. He called himself "Doctor" Bacon. Oliver D. Bacon seems to have been his name. The "Doctor" was supposed to mean doctor of medicine. I do not think he was a doctor, unless it was of horses. We never could find out where he was born or had previously lived. He was a swarthy man, with the eye of an eagle. He had been down to the very depths of drunkenness, almost into hell itself. He had been wonderfully saved from the slavery of the cup, and, I think, soundly converted to God. He had the most intense hatred of intemperance and everything pertaining thereto. He was the most tremendously in earnest of all the human beings I ever saw. He was almost insane in his opposition to rum. He was possessed of a fiery eloquence, which drew the crowds and held them spell-bound. His addresses were long. They showed great variety. He never tried to be funny and never indulged in pleasantries. He was always serious. He was as gentle as a mother toward the inebriate, but most awfully severe toward the advocates of moderate drinking and the friends of the rum traffic, but especially toward professors of religion who did not stand straight and solid for total abstinence and the abolition of the saloon. All such persons he called "hypo-

crites," with the most bitter scorn in the manner in which he uttered that word. He was introduced, in the main aisle, of the church, to a man who rented property for a saloon. In the hearing of scores he exclaimed: "Oh, yes; I have heard of you. You are the man who rents his building for a saloon. You old hypocrite, if you don't stop that, you'll go straight to hell." He preached Christ as well as temperance. He told the intemperate who signed the pledge that they could not keep it unless they gave their hearts to God. He closed almost every meeting with an altar service and sinners crying to heaven for pardon. His wife was with him, a lady of much refinement, though she did no public work. He also had as singer, a young man named Thomas E. Joslin. Bacon did not seem to care anything for money. I do not doubt that he was a sincere man, seeking only to do good.

Bacon wanted a chance to hold meetings in Palmyra. We three pastors resolved that he should. Three Sunday nights we gave him our pulpits. Fifteen week nights he spoke in the Village Hall, which was crowded to suffocation. At the end of that period 4,938 persons had signed the "iron-clad" temperance pledge. The signers were from Palmyra and all the surrounding country. Then he held one week of meetings in the churches, going from one to another. These meetings were more to get sinners converted than to promote temperance directly.

Dr. Bacon stirred Palmyra as I never saw a community stirred before or since. He divided the town. On one side were most of the people who believed in total abstinence. On the other side were all the powers of hell, all the liquor interests, all who believed in moderate drinking, all who were afraid of displeasing the rum power, and many good people who never used alcoholic liquors, but could not endure Dr. Bacon's harsh and denunciatory language. The leader of the opposition was the rector of the Episcopal Church. He preached and published four sermons against the reforms, in which he strongly advocated the moderate use of alcoholic beverages. The saloon-keepers were so pleased with his sermons against temperance that they waited upon him in a body and presented him with a cocoanut shell full of silver coins. He accepted it with words of hearty appreciation of their sympathy and good will. But his people did not all approve his course. We three pastors, who worked with Bacon, suffered the displeasure of some of our people. But we were satisfied that we were right. We did not approve all that Bacon said, and we told him so; but we believed he was honest and knew that he was doing great good. I can see now that we were right.

One night, at the Village Hall, Bacon seemed to have the prophetic spirit. In words of the most fiery indignation, though with pathetic sincerity, he denounced curses upon the Presbyte-

rian elder who kept the respectable saloon, called a drug store. He did not call his name; but we knew whom he meant, and we all shivered with horror. He declared that the vengeance of heaven would fall on him and his. A few months later that man's son, who was in business with his father, in perfect health, was smitten with apoplexy on the street and died without coming to consciousness a few hours after. Within a year the father was climbing a ladder to the roof of his house for some purpose, when he fell backward to the ground and broke his neck. When these things were reported, men looked in each others' faces and said nothing; but no one could help recalling Dr. Bacon's words.

April 29, 1878, an event took place which profoundly impressed every inhabitant of Palmyra. Two young men, hardly out of boyhood, James Porter and Charles Toor, had professed conversion the winter before, and Porter had joined the Methodist Church on probation. They had learned to drink. In the spring they got to drinking again. One evening they met in a drug store. They were intoxicated. They came to get more strong drink. Though they had always been close friends, they got into a quarrel. They would have fought, but the storekeeper drove them out. As soon as Toor's feet struck the sidewalk he turned and stabbed Porter to the heart with a clasp-knife which he had drawn from his pocket on the way out. Porter died in-

stantly, and Toor died a few months later in state prison.

As a result of all this agitation, the town of Palmyra went dry, under a new law just enacted, and not one drop of booze was sold legally within its bounds for two years at least.

I attended two camp meetings while my home was at Palmyra, one at North Hector, my second year, and a Geneva district meeting at Chapinville, June, 1878.

Before I leave Palmyra I must mention my presiding elders. For two years I was under the supervision of F. G. Hibbard. Of my nineteen presiding elders and district superintendents he was the greatest thinker and scholar and saint, though I cannot say that he was the greatest executive officer. For the third year I had E. J. Hermans for presiding elder. All his preachers loved and trusted him.

I feel like saying a word about the Palmyra Sunday School. Though far from being the largest in my pastorates, it was certainly one of the very best. It had the best teachers' meeting I have ever known. It met every week of my three years, unless something very important, such as a revival service, prevented. That teachers' meeting was the chief cause of the prosperity of the school.

CHAPTER XXI.

HOW THE ITINERANCY WORKS.

My three years at Palmyra drew near a close. The law of the Church said I must move. But whither? That was a question to be answered by Bishop Gilbert Haven and Presiding Elder Hermans. I received letters from the presiding elder of Genesee District and from the Official Board of Dansville Church inviting me to the pastorate of that congregation. My presiding elder told me that I was wanted by the churches at Penn Yan and Lyons. One of the newspapers of Lyons stated, the week of conference, that Rev. T. H. Youngman preached his farewell sermon the Sunday evening before and that Rev. C. W. Winchester would be his successor. Conference met at Corning, October 2. On Friday, Brother Hermans told me that I could have my choice between the three places above-mentioned. I told him that, if it was according to his judgment, I would prefer Penn Yan. He said that was his mind. Monday noon he met me with a palid face and informed me that I was down for Hornellsville. "Hornellsville!" I exclaimed; "what does that mean?" He replied: "The bishop is determined to put Brother Stevens on Olean District. Every member of the cabinet protests that it will be

ruinous to Hornellsville. Twenty-five men were down from Hornellsville last night, as mad as hornets, to protest. They threaten to lock the church against Stevens' successor, if he is removed. But the bishop is as stubborn as a mule and is bound to pull up Stevens and put him on Olean District, come what may. He has told Presiding Elder Green that, if he will stop making a fuss, he can have anybody he wants for Hornellsville, and he has pitched upon you. Do you want to go?" "No," I replied; "anywhere but there. Prevent it if you possibly can." "I'll try," he said. "But I don't think it will do any good."

That night I was read off for Hornellsville. I am sure I felt much as a man, who has been on trial for his life, feels, when the jury brings in the verdict of "guilty." All the brethren looked on me with the deepest pity. After the conference had adjourned I met in the aisle an influential official of the Hornellsville Church, who looked as though he had lost his last friend. With an expression of utter despair on his face he shook his head and exclaimed: "It's all up with Hornellsville Church. You'd better not go there. They'll surely lock you out!" I did not sleep much that night. I went back to Palmyra the next day in a very uncomfortable frame of mind. I would gladly have traded appointments with any man in Genesee Conference. What a foolish thing that willful bishop had done! Park Church,

Hornellsville, had had a long series of unfortunate pastorates. For two years she had had a great revival. The converts had not been fully secured. A new church had been built and had not been paid for. Brother Stevens had the confidence and love of everybody, and everybody wanted him to stay and expected him to stay. It was a silly, wicked thing to take him away and to put an inexperienced man like me there, who would probably be locked out, and would be almost sure to fail, if I was allowed to try my hand. Such thoughts kept running through my brain till I was almost wild. I still think that Bishop Haven did a very reckless and childish thing in removing L. A. Stevens from Park Church. That it turned out all right was not due, in the least, to the foresight and wisdom of the bishop; but the overruling providence of God, who makes the foolishness, as well as the "wrath," of men to praise Him.

The next day, while I was at the dinner table, a long telegram came from the Hornellsville official who told me that I would not be locked out, telling me to come on, that all would be well, that at a meeting of the Official Board and congregation held the night before it had been unanimously voted to receive me and work with me with all their might.

When I arrived at Hornellsville Saturday night I was met at the station by a hundred or more of the most prominent members of Park

Church, who greeted me with every expression of welcome and gladness. I had three most delightful and prosperous years. That most loyal people could not have shown me more kindness and love if I had been their choice above all other preachers in the conference. One of the first things they did was to add one hundred dollars to the salary which they had paid my predecessor. That is simply a sample of the treatment which I received all the time I was pastor of that church.

When I went to Hornellsville it was a village of eight thousand inhabitants. It is now the city of Hornell, with a population of fourteen thousand. In 1878 there were just five churches—Baptist, Episcopalian, Methodist, Presbyterian and Roman Catholic. Our church had been the weakest of them all. A combination of circumstances had reduced it to a very low level. For the conference year 1875 and 1876 it reported a total membership of 184, and total benevolent offerings, including Conference Claimants and Episcopal Fund, of ninety dollars. When I left it in 1881 it had the largest number of full members in the conference, except three churches, and the largest number of full members and probationers but one. But the greatest things were wrought in Hornellsville before I ever saw the place. L. A. Stevens was appointed pastor in 1876. Soon after arriving on the ground he was stricken with fever and was sick a long time. The people thought they were doomed. They had had

a succession of sick ministers. The year 1877 dawned upon a discouraged lot. A little handful of about three score went to God on their knees and faces and cried out for a revival. They felt that Methodism in Hornellsville must have a revival or die. Their conscious weakness was their strength. God can answer such prayers as they could pray. They began a protracted meeting. The pastor got better and gave them his help and leadership. A reformed inebriate, C. H. Mead, and a gifted singer, a young man, P. T. Lynn, came to assist. Most of the exhorting (preaching was almost wholly dispensed with) was done by Brother Mead. The singing was led by Mead and Lynn and two Hornellsville brethren, D. M. Hurlburt, and A. H. Lawrence. These four were a remarkable quartet, afterward the famous Silver Lake Quartet. The spirit of prayer and testimony came on scores of God's people. The meeting lasted thirteen weeks. It seemed to run itself. God worked mightily. There was a wonderful revival. A thousand persons bowed at that altar of prayer. Most of them gave evidence of being powerfully converted and joined the churches of the village. The whole town was moved. "There is a fountain filled with blood," which was almost the only invitation hymn sung during the meetings, was heard all through the stores and shops and streets. These facts I learned from eye and ear witnesses. The church edifice was too small. A new and elegant brick

church was built around the old frame structure. The old was used till the walls of the new were up and the roof was on. Then the old was stripped to a bare skeleton; the old posts were turned into symmetrical Grecian columns; the old floors and ceilings were extended to meet the new; new carpets were laid and new pews and pulpit and chairs and altar rail were put in place; and the old sanctuary was embalmed in a new and much larger and more elegant temple. The old and new are there today, just as they were blended by the men of 1877 and 1878.

Look at the city of Hornell now. The population is fourteen thousand, a gain since the great revival of seventy-five per cent. There are three Methodist Episcopal churches, a gain of two hundred per cent. There are 1,578 Methodist members in full connection, a gain of 760 per cent. The value of church and parsonage property, exclusive of debts, is \$72,000, a gain of 454 per cent. The total of ministerial support last year was \$5,669, a gain of 367 per cent. The number of Sunday school pupils enrolled last year was 1,041, a gain of 732 per cent. I feel free to write this wonderful story because I was only one link in the chain of causes which runs through thirty-eight years. The marvelous transformation began in the revival which immediately preceded my going to Hornellsville and was still in operation when I arrived.

When one is discouraged on account of the

wickedness of the times and thinks that religion is making no progress, it will do one good to reflect that, in one of our thriving cities, during the past generation, the Sunday school children of a single denomination have increased in number nearly ten times as fast as the population, and the church membership more than ten times.

Brother Mead remained in Hornellsville, after the revival, as Assistant pastor of Park Church. Brother Lynn also made Hornellsville his home. It had been planned, before conference, that Mead and Lynn should open a revival campaign at the beginning of the new ecclesiastical year. The new pastor was informed of this. I said: "By all means we will have the meeting." So it began November 3, and continued a little over three weeks. We had the great revival quartet, Mead, Lynn, Hurlburt and Lawrence. I was glad of a chance to study their methods. I was assured that they were precisely the same as in the winter of '76 and '77. Mead always led. First there was a service of song. With such a quartet, it was always very spirited and inspiring. Then there were several prayers, followed by more singing. Next the leader gave the meeting a question to be answered in a few sentences by a large number of persons, the whole exercise being voluntary and unpremeditated. The question might be: "How do you know that you are saved?" or "What has religion done for you?" or "How did you find Christ?" Everybody was en-

couraged and exhorted to speak. Between the responses there would be stanzas of song and apt sentences from the leader. When this exercise had lasted for forty-five minutes or an hour, the leader would give a fervid exhortation, gathering up the answers which the people had given to the question of the evening and ending with an appeal for immediate decision and a call to come to the altar. Brother Mead was a marvelous story teller and had an endless fund of "pat" and pathetic tales, which he freely used in his addresses and exhortations. The altar work was much like the usual Methodist style. Brother Mead always took plenty of time, and, if there were seekers, they were not dismissed till they seemed to be out into the light of God.

I was greatly pleased with the Mead methods; they commended themselves to my judgment. But they had worn out at Hornellsville and the meeting was almost a failure.

CHAPTER XXII.

HORNELL HAPPENINGS.

I went to Hornellsville at the most critical point in the history of our Church, as it seems to me, and at a time when the greatest vigilance and diligence were required on the part of a pastor. A revival of any magnitude is always followed by a reaction. This is not the fault of the revival or of the Christian religion. It is the fault of human nature. The reaction from the great revival of the winter of 1876 and 1877 had begun when I was appointed to Park Church. It may be thought that the reaction would have spent its force before. But it must be remembered that the chief evangelist, C. H. Mead, had remained as assistant pastor and the revival machinery had been kept revolving for eighteen months. A decided reaction was under way. Many intemperate men had professed conversion; some had gone back to their cups. Many had professed religion because it was the fashion of the day. These had done like the dog mentioned in Scripture. Many had experienced some of the emotions of religion without getting the essential thing. They and their piety had vanished like foam on the water. I set myself with all my might, relying on God with all the faith I had, to the task of conserving

the results of the greatest revival with which I had ever had any connection. I here record the opinion that to train a convert is as great and difficult a work as to secure the convert at the first.

I found the church in an almost wholly unorganized state. It was like a great camp meeting. There had not been a class meeting since the revival meetings began. Most of the young converts were puzzled when I announced the first love feast and were astonished when they witnessed the passing of the bread and water. There was no primary department in the Sunday school. The women had no missionary society. All these wants were supplied. The pastor's wife organized a primary school, which grew to large proportions under her care. She organized an auxiliary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, which, beginning with the modest sum of twelve dollars the first year, has contributed, down to the present time, nearly five thousand dollars. She also organized and superintended a large temperance school, which met once a week between the Sundays and was managed like a Sunday school. I divided the church into five classes and arranged for the holding of five class meetings every week. I formed a Ladies' and Pastor's Union and divided the town into a score of districts, with two ladies for each district, to visit from house to house and find all the people who did not go to church and all the children who

did not attend Sunday School. I did a large amount of pastoral visiting. I gave very careful attention to the Thursday night prayer meeting. My third year I held a protracted meeting of three weeks' duration, with Rev. D. W. Thurston as helper. The result of all these efforts was the consolidation of the work of the great revival, a wonderful growth in grace of the converts and a net increase in the full membership of the church of exactly one hundred. A large sum was paid on the debt created by the erection of the new church and the balance of four thousand dollars was funded at five per cent.

I will fill the remainder of this article with disconnected facts and events.

The first telephone I ever saw in practical use was installed to connect Park Church pulpit with the sick room of the sister of the editor of the Hornell Times. The brother paid the expense. The first Sunday when I preached to the wife of Dr. Joseph Robinson was August 22, 1880. She told me, from time to time, that she could hear me with perfect distinctness.

I preached to more professional men at Hornellsville than in all my other pastorates. There were six lawyers and five physicians at almost every Sunday morning service. Horace Bemis professed religion in the great revival and joined the church on probation. I baptized him, but I have no record that he was ever received into full connection. He was the greatest lawyer I

ever knew. He would have graced the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. He had a marvelous memory and was a very eloquent speaker—a real orator. He had a Websterian brain. He was a great Shakespeare scholar. His favorite department was criminal law. I sat beside him one day in the court room when he was defending a man charged with murder. He told me that it was his twenty-first murder trial and that in twenty of the instances whisky was the cause of the crime. Mr. Bemis was a mighty temperance advocate. In physical appearance he was a double of the famous and infamous “Boss” Tweed. Another of my lawyer hearers was Distric Attorney Benton. He was a most excellent listener. He once told me that I spoiled a good lawyer when I became a preacher. There was not a more constant attendant at either of the Sunday services than Dr. Samuel Mitchell, Sr. And yet he had a very large practice. Physicians can attend church if they will. He told me that he had an understanding with his patrons that they must not demand his services during church hours, except in cases of extreme necessity. He was the finest specimen of a Christian physician of whom I ever had the honor of being pastor.

There were about twenty-five locomotive engineers in my Park Church congregation. For the most part they were a noble set of men. Several of them were members of the church. My con-

gregation was made up chiefly of men in the employ of the Erie Railroad Company and the members of their families. A more friendly and generous class of people I have never known.

I officiated at a great many funerals at Hornellsville. Many of them were of men killed on the railroad. Some of the cases were very distressing. I also had very frequent calls to perform the marriage ceremony. Some of these occasions were quite funny. One Sunday night before a packed house (Park Church, with its one thousand sittings, was usually full Sunday nights), I married a blushing bride of sixty-three summers to a bashful groom of eighty winters. After church, on another Sunday night, I married a couple on trust. The fellow was honest. He told me, before the ceremony, that he had no money with him because he did not expect to get married when he left home. He would pay me in a few days. I have never seen either of the parties since. But the woman sent me two dollars twenty-eight years after. She sent the money because I did not give them a certificate at the time of the marriage, and she wanted one.

In May, 1880, I visited the General Conference at Cincinnati. My college and conference classmate, E. H. Latimer, was my traveling companion. We witnessed the consecration of the new bishops, Warren, Foss, Hurst and E. O. Haven. We also saw the Committee on Boundaries cut off a big slice from our Genesee Con-

ference and hand it over to Central New York Conference, making the two conferences about what they are now. If our delegates had been willing to compromise they might have saved Canandaigua and Penn Yan and Corning (we lost Corning in 1880, but recovered it in 1884) and other valuable territory. But no; they would not yield one square inch. They would keep the whole. And so the committee, seeing that Central New York ought to have something to make the two conferences more nearly equal, let Dr. Queal draw the line to suit himself. I suppose our men honestly thought they were right and were too good to be politicians or statesmen.

I had the honor of playing host to two bishops while I was pastor at Hornellsville. Bishop Gilbert Haven came to address the Bath District Conference, May 12, 1879. He gave a memorial address on Bishop Ames, who died April 25. The bishop was bubbling over with fun all the time he was at the parsonage and on the way to the station as he was leaving town. After he had mounted the platform of the car and the train was under motion, he fired off a joke. As the train disappeared, Rev. J. T. Gracey, who came with the bishop but remained behind, turned to me and said: "You would not believe that that man is a constant prey to the deepest melancholy; but he is." Brother Gracey had been the bishop's traveling companion on the sea and in Africa and knew whereof he spoke. Bishop Bowman pre-

sided over the Genesee Conference in Park Church in October, 1880. He preached a grand and beautiful sermon Sunday mornig, which, at the same time, was so simple that a child of six could understand almost every sentence. During the session General Grant passed through the town and the conference adjourned and went down to the station to greet him. The General recognized one of our number Private McKenzie, and, extending his hand, exclaimed: "How are you, Little Mack? Aren't you one of the men who shared their rations with me at the battle of Shiloh?"

While I was at Hornellsville, Park Church gave two men to the ministry and to Genesee Conference, W. B. Wagoner and P. T. Lynn.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SEEMING FAILURE—REAL SUCCESS.

Genesee Conference met in 1881 at Bradford, Pa. I was elected Secretary of the Conference on the second ballot. I was re-elected ten times by acclamation.

But the Secretaryship did not concern me so much as my appointment. I was to move, and where should I go? My Presiding Elder, T. J. Bissell, wanted me to go to Bath on his district, and told me that the Bath quarterly conference had asked for me. The night before conference opened the presiding elder of Niagara District offered me my choice between Lockport, First Church, and Medina. At the second session of the cabinet, as I was told, I was put down for Lockport.

Near the close of the session (I think it was Monday) I had a call, immediately after breakfast from a prominent member of Asbury Church, Rochester. It was understood that he was the virtual owner of that church. He had once been the actual owner of the church edifice, when it was sold under foreclosure of mortgage and bid-den in by him. In a very cold and business-like way he said to me: "I hear that you have been put down for our church. I want you to understand that we have not asked for you. We want

Dr. H. ; but we can't get him now because he has one year more on the district. I don't know whether our people will receive you or not. I think I will telegraph and find out." I answered: "I don't want to go to your church. I hope you will telegraph. Let me know the answer. If your people don't want me, I won't go, if I can help it." I understood perfectly what he meant. He wanted me to understand that if I went to Asbury Church, it would be for only one year, whether I was a failure or a success. At the end of the year I should be expected to step out, without a fuss, and surrender the place to his son-in-law, Doctor H.

Conference adjourned Tuesday night, at ten o'clock, and Bishop Harris read my name in connection with Rochester, Asbury Church. J. T. Gracey was presiding elder. I went home with fearful forebodings. On Saturday, before starting for Rochester, after earnest wrestling with God to go with me and give me access to the hearts of the people, I opened the Bible and my eyes fell upon this passage, the 74th verse of the 119th Psalm: "They that fear the Lord will be glad when they see thee." Instantly my fears were gone and I felt sure of a cordial reception and a victorious year. Though those words were not written for me or the present occasion, the Holy Spirit applied them to me with wonderful force and I knew that they were a divine message to me.

According to my faith, I received a kind and cordial welcome and had a very happy and prosperous year. If I were required to name the best year in all my pastorates, considering what was accomplished and all the circumstances, I think I should point to that year at Asbury. I had large congregations morning and evening; everybody was kind and appreciative; the Church enjoyed one of the best revivals in all its history; forty-one names were added to the roll of full members; the benevolent collections were twenty-five per cent. larger than the year before; all the spiritual activities of the church were greatly increased; a large and flourishing young people's society was organized, much like the Epworth League of these days; a church paper was started, named "The Lighthouse," with a circulation of two thousand, which paid its way the first year and was continued for several years; the value of the property was increased by the purchase of a parsonage, on which the sum of two thousand dollars was paid; and the year passed away without the slightest friction of any kind.

Asbury Church stood on the south side of Main Street, at the corner of South Clinton. It was a solid, old-fashioned, two-story, stone structure, large, commodious, well furnished, and in excellent condition. A photograph of it lies before me as I write. It was good enough. But the location was poor because of the noise of street cars and the clatter of wheels over the pavements. The so-

ciety, in age and numbers and financial ability, was the second in the city, of our denomination. It was second in the cash salary paid to the pastor. But it had no parsonage. The official board told me plainly that they did not intend ever to have a parsonage; the pastor must look out for himself and rent and furnish his own house like other men. They could not see why a minister should be a privileged character in that respect. This greatly troubled Mrs. Winchester and myself. We wanted to keep house. But rents were high and we had no furniture and could not afford to buy what we should need. So we took the matter to God in earnest prayer. We both got the assurance that there would be a parsonage for us at the usual spring moving time, the first of May. I felt perfectly sure that such would be the case. Meanwhile we would board. We found excellent quarters, with a fine family of Baptists at No. 11 South Chatham Street. Very many persons asked us where we were living and expressed surprise that we did not keep house. We had the same answer for all. With the utmost assurance we said: "We expect to begin house-keeping in a furnished parsonage in the spring." Some stared in blank amazement; some smiled; some laughed outright. Nobody believed that Asbury Church would ever have a parsonage. Meanwhile I went on with my work. I intended to inaugurate some scheme for the answering of my prayers. But I must first get ac-

quainted with my people. Then came two months of revival meetings. Then I had to look after the young converts. About the first of April Mrs. Winchester said to me: "I think it's time you were raising money for that parsonage. You can't expect it, unless you do something to get it." I replied: "I can't do anything about it just yet, but don't be alarmed, we shall certainly have the parsonage next month." I never felt more sure of anything in my life. One day about that time, Mrs. Winchester was talking with the wife of one of the most influential trustees about the parsonage. She said: "Sister Winchester, your faith is beautiful, but you might as well make up your mind first as last, that there is not going to be any parsonage this spring, or next, or ever." When this was reported to me, it did not shake my faith in the slightest degree.

When April was almost gone, we made our first call on an old gentleman whom we had never seen at church, although he was a member. He was an invalid and could not get to the house of God, which was a very great affliction to him. He was delighted to see Mrs. Winchester. He said that she was the first minister's wife who had been in his house for years. He asked her where we were living. When she told him that we were boarding, he said: "Why don't you keep house? Do you prefer to board?" She replied that she would rather keep house, and that she expected there would be a parsonage for her to keep house

in, in a few weeks. "Well, you shall have a parsonage," was his reply. The very next day he sent for the trustees to come and see him. They came. He said to them: "You must get a house for that woman. When you have found such a house as you would like to buy, come to me and you shall have my check for two thousand dollars." The trustees bought three houses, covering ground which they thought would be just the place for the new church which they hoped to build before many years. They paid down Brother Tallenger's two thousand and gave a mortgage for the balance. Subsequently they concluded that the place was not the best for a church and sold the property for fifteen hundred dollars more than the price they paid. So that call of the pastor's wife put thirty-five hundred dollars in the treasury of Asbury Church. May 15th, 1882, we began house-keeping in a well-furnished parsonage.

Everything was going so well at Asbury that I almost forgot the warning given me at Conference that I must surrender my place to Dr. H. at the end of the year. Even the brother who had served the notice loved and admired me, if words have any meaning. Just before the last quarterly conference, September 21st, the presiding elder told me that three or four leading men were planning to get rid of me, simply to get Dr. H. There would be no action by the quarterly conference; I would be made to think that I was want-

ed; and they would slip up to conference quietly and get a change. When the quarterly conference was about to adjourn, I made a little speech to the effect that I came to them uninvited but should not remain without an invitation. They all seemed to be surprised that I should imagine that I was not wanted and proceeded to pass a vote inviting my reappointment. All voted for it but two, who did not vote at all. After I had gone to conference a meeting of the official board was held and, after hours of argument and urging, every member was persuaded to vote for the appointment of Dr. H. The argument was: "Dr. H. will be the best man to lead in building a new church. Bro. Winchester does not want to stay. He will be promoted to a presiding eldership." The second day of conference the father-in-law of Dr. H. and the man who made the motion to invite my reappointment appeared and handed me my death-warrant. I bowed my head and said to them and to my presiding elder: "Very well; I go." I went; but Dr. H. did not go to Asbury. Such a storm was raised at conference over the matter that he would not have dared to take my place, had he wanted it.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH.

The conference session of 1882 was held in Olean, and Bishop Warren presided. To me the week was a period of severe testing. I had the heavy labors of secretary to perform, and had not fully accustomed myself to the yoke. Then there was the dreadful jolt by which I was shaken out of Asbury Church and the ugly interrogation: what would become of me? I said nothing, or but very little, about my affair. But the brethren were coming to me constantly to talk it over and to express their opinions. It was the most natural thing in the world that I should be greatly agitated and worried. But I was kept in perfect peace; God wonderfully sustained me. I felt no resentment toward any of the Asbury men. They had a perfect right to prefer some other man to me as pastor. The thing that hurt the most was the underhanded way in which the deed was done. The last Sunday night at Asbury one of the older young men, very influential in the Young People's Christian Association, which I had organized, got hold of me and said: "Brother Winchester, you must not think of leaving us. Don't let anything you have heard or imagined make you think you are not wanted here. We all want you. You

must return to us. I shall not see you again till after conference, but do not leave us." That is the substance of what he said over and over again, in the most emphatic language that could be spoken. That was Sunday night. Thursday he appeared at conference, a member of the committee of two, to demand my removal.

William Taylor, afterward Bishop of Africa, was at the Olean Conference. He preached every morning, at six o'clock, to a large congregation. At one of the morning sessions of the conference a collection was called for to relieve a brother who was in great financial straits. We had had special collections till almost every pocket was drained. An involuntary "O" escaped our lips. Immediately William Taylor arose, started the song, "I'm a child of a King," strode to the Secretary's table and laid down a five dollar bill. The whole conference nearly followed his example by giving something and the afflicted brother received a generous sum.

I knew what my appointment was to be before the Bishop read his list. He was very kind and consulted me as to my wishes. My appointment was Plymouth Church, Buffalo, A. N. Fisher, presiding elder.

When I got back to Rochester I found my former congregation greatly agitated. I avoided discussion and went to work packing for removal. Tuesday night after conference the young people of Asbury made us a surprise visit, crowding the

parsonage and expressing their grief at our departure. They presented us with a silver card basket and a purse of fifty-two dollars. I have made considerable of my exit from Asbury Church, not because I have a grievance to air, but because such tricky methods are too frequent and ought to be exposed. If an official board thinks that a pastor ought to go, for the good of the cause, let them say so kindly, but plainly, with their reasons, right in the pastor's face. He will have no right to complain and, if he is a true man, he will not. But who wants to be stabbed in the back?

When I went to Buffalo, in 1882, there were nine Methodist Episcopal churches, with a total membership, full and probationary, of 1,954. This does not include the German churches of our denomination, which belong to another conference. Now we have twenty-four churches, with 8,940 members and probationers. Then Plymouth stood fourth in membership; now it stands first. Then Richmond Avenue Church, which is now second in number of members, had not so much as been thought of.

Plymouth Church was a colony from Asbury. Its first place of worship was on Prospect Avenue, then known as Ninth street. At its incorporation the church was named Ninth Street Church. After some years the building was dragged to the corner of North Street (now called Porter Avenue) and Twelfth Street, improved and renamed North

Street Church. Next the edifice was pushed back to the corner of Twelfth and Jersey Streets and renamed again Jersey Street Church, after some improvements. A few years later fire destroyed the building, and a new one was erected on the triangle bounded by North (now Porter) Jersey and Twelfth Streets. The new edifice and society were christened Plymouth, at the suggestion of the pastor, James E. Bills. Afterward the city fathers changed the name of Twelfth Street to Plymouth Avenue. Some persons call the church Plymouth Avenue Church. That never was its name, but simply Plymouth. The avenue was named for the church, and not the church for the avenue. When I went to Plymouth Church, the building in use was the one torn down a little while ago to give place to the splendid edifice in which its 1,549 members and probationers are now housed, although extensive improvements were made after my pastorate.

In going to Plymouth Church I dropped, from a salary of eighteen hundred dollars and parsonage, to fourteen hundred and no parsonage. The second and third years my salary was fifteen hundred dollars, out of which I had to pay three hundred dollars for rent. We lived in three different houses, on College Street, West Avenue and York Street, respectively. The people furnished the house in which its pastor resided, in large part.

I had three very prosperous years at Plymouth, if I am permitted to be the judge. We had per-

fect peace and unity. The Lord blessed our labors with three good revivals. The membership of the church almost doubled. In membership it rose from the fourth place among the churches, to the second place, Delaware Avenue being first. The Sunday school gained thirty-six per cent in number of pupils. The benevolences, my last year, were nearly four times what they were the last year of my immediate predecessor. If I had to get along with fifteen hundred dollars and pay my own rent, the church gained in strength to the extent that it felt able to pay the man who followed me two thousand dollars and his rent. I do not tell these things to praise myself, or to disparage any other person, but to record facts; I am writing history.

I left 334 full members at Plymouth. Under my immediate successor they dropped to 300. Under the next pastor, J. E. Williams, they rose to 357. Under A. W. Hayes, they went up in four years, to 500. J. D. Phelps, in a pastorate of five years, saw an increase of 50. During Ward Platt's three years the figures remained at 550. At the close of W. C. Wilbor's three years, in 1905, there were 600 members. At the end of five years and a half, E. E. Helms left 789. Under the administration of E. L. Waldorf, the membership has gone up, in less than five years, to 1,380, and Plymouth is the largest church in Genesee Conference.

When I went to Plymouth Church, the Sunday

School held its session at three o'clock in the afternoon. That was a relic of the days when it was a mission school of Asbury Church. I saw that the time ought to be changed. My immediate predecessor, who had become my presiding elder, said to me: "If you remain here three years and do nothing but change the hour of Sunday School to twelve o'clock, your pastorate will have been a success. I tried for three years, and failed." The fact was that he had had a real fight over the matter. I went to work by the "still hunt" method, and, on the first Sunday of May, 1883, the Sunday School met immediately after the morning service, as it has ever since, and everybody seemed to be delighted with the change. I might have gotten up a civil war, in which I should probably been badly beaten.

December 31, 1882, I held a most excellent watch meeting. The attendance was large. There were three professed conversions. That was the beginning of a protracted meeting which lasted nearly seven weeks. I was my own evangelist. So far as I can recall I had no human help but that which was afforded by the members of the church. The official members, and the brethren and sisters generally, rallied around me most nobly. I never had a better official board, in this respect. The Lord worked with us and there was a gracious revival and a large ingathering of souls. There were many remarkable conversions.

A young lady named Agnes McAllister had re-

cently come from Canada. She was drawn by the Spirit into our congregation and was wondrously saved. I think she had professed religion; but had lost her first love and drifted away from God. She joined the church. She also became one of the charter members of a Young Ladies' Foreign Missionary Society, which Mrs. Winchester organized. She soon became powerfully convinced that she ought to be a missionary. She was helped to go to a missionary training school. In due time she was sent to Garaway, Liberia, Africa, where she labored, with great success, for many years. Everybody who is interested in Foreign Missions has heard of the author of that fascinating book, "A Lone Woman in Africa."

Sometime during my first year at Plymouth, I received a Roman Catholic priest into the church. His name was James Quigley. He was educated for the priesthood in the far-famed college of Maynooth, in his native Ireland. He served for some time, in the old country, as a parish curate. He left the priesthood because he could not endure the filthy questions which, as every well-informed person knows, the father-confessor is obliged to use in probing the hearts of penitents in the confessional. He came to America to escape persecution, and to begin a new life as far away as possible from his old associations. This is what he told me. From an intimate acquaintance of many years, and from many long and searching interviews which I had with him, I feel sure that

he told me the truth. Coming to Buffalo, and to Plymouth Church, he was converted to the true faith. For three years and a half he came to class meeting and to morning worship, and dined with the pastor's family every Sabbath. We became greatly attached to him. He was interesting in conversation, and had a gentle and affectionate disposition. He had one bad habit, which, to please Mrs. Winchester, he tried to cast off. Like most European priests, he was excessively fond of snuff. I vainly tried to inspire him with an ambition to labor for the salvation of the slaves of Roman superstition. He was well trained to be a priest, but he did not seem to be good for anything else. I got him a place to work in a harness-shop, where, for seven or eight years, he earned a scanty living, working by the piece, lodging in a poorly furnished room and eating in a cheap restaurant. He visited us in two of the places where we resided after leaving Plymouth Church. He was found dead in his room, having committed suicide. Poor "Father" Quigley! His solitary and useless mode of life must have driven him to insanity.

CHAPTER XXV.

STEADY PROGRESS.

I held three watch night meetings at Plymouth, each of which was the beginning of a successful revival campaign. The second winter I had the valuable help of Evangelist D. W. Thurston for three weeks, after the meeting was well under way. He began February 17. If I have an evangelist, I want him to relieve me after the converts have begun to multiply and I need time to look after them and to visit among the people. There was a delightful revival atmosphere at Plymouth nearly all the time I was there. Souls were seeking the Lord when there was no special services in progress. I had noticed, for several Sunday evenings, a young couple, who seemed to be husband and wife. I wondered who they were and inquired of several members of the congregation. But nobody could tell. They were so attentive that I was sure the word was taking effect. I made several attempts to get to them, after service; but they got away before I could reach them. One night they lingered in the vestibule after most of the people had passed out. The lady, who had more courage than her husband, said to me: "Mr. Winchester, we want to be Christians. What shall we do?" Of course, I was most happy to answer that question. I will

not prolong the story. But it was not many days before they were very happily converted, and joined the church. Not long after, while I was calling at their home, the lady said: "I was brought up a Universalist. I was taught that there was no personal devil; that the preachers invented him to frighten people into religion. But since I became a Christian I know there is a devil, for he resists and fights against me when I try to do the will of Christ."

We had grand prayer meetings at Plymouth Church. The attendance was large, and there were very many who testified and led in prayer. There were several who were very strong in prayer. The chief among these were two local deacons, men advanced in years, William Caudell and Julius Robbins. Plymouth was blessed in having five ordained local preachers in its membership. One was too infirm ever to get to the house of God and two were absent from the city most of the time. But "Father" Caudell and Brother Robbins were always on hand, unless something very unusual took place. They were mighty in prayer, and always had something new and fresh to give us in their testimonies. When they were absent, everybody greatly missed them. Nearly all the official members regularly attended prayer meeting. One night some of our friends from Asbury Church, Rochester, were present and heard me ask the official board to meet me after the prayer meeting. It was a meeting not before

announced. The Asbury friends were surprised. They said: "We could not have an official meeting after prayer meeting, without previous notice, for the official members would not be there."

While I am writing about Plymouth's prayer meetings, I must tell of one in particular. Word came that Father Caudell was at the point of death, at his daughter's in Bowmansville; the doctor said he could not live till morning. By common consent everybody prayed for Father Caudell's recovery. That was the sole burden of every prayer. After the meeting many said: "I have the assurance that Father Caudell will get well." He did; and we were informed that he began to improve that very hour of prayer.

The first Wednesday evening prayer meeting of the month was always a missionary prayer meeting, and an offering for missions was always taken. I believe that that was one reason why, the last two years of my pastorate, Plymouth Church was surpassed, in the amount of its offering to the parent Missionary Board, by only two churches in Genesee Conference, Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, and First Church, Rochester; and First Church exceeded it by only twenty dollars.

The Plymouth people were liberal. October 28, 1883, we took an offering for St. Marks, which amounted to \$758. We gave liberally to Syracuse University; and Lovejoy Street Church, which was dedicated February 22, 1885.

I organized a flourishing Young People's Chris-

tian Association, which accomplished great good, spiritually and intellectually. We had three annual lecture courses, which paid for themselves and about three hundred dollars over. I did a great deal of outside work while I was at Asbury and at Plymouth. During those four years I lectured to forty-six different audiences, besides delivering many addresses on Temperance and various other subjects. During the last six months of my third year at Plymouth, along with two other Buffalo pastors, G.C. Jones and G. W. Peck, I edited the Buffalo Christian Advocate. For my labor I received the munificent salary of twenty-eight dollars. My lectures paid me a little better.

The conference session of 1884 was held at Medina. Bishop Merrill presided. Out of the experience of sitting beside Bishops during the eleven years of my secretaryship of the Genesee Conference, I could gather many interesting reminiscences. I will give one here concerning Bishop Merrill. The Medina Conference was honored with the presence of "Chaplain" McCabe, Secretary of the Missionary Society, and William Taylor, afterward Bishop of Africa. McCabe was sounding the cry: "A Million a Year for Missions!" and Taylor was advocating his self-supporting missionary scheme. All the conservatives thought McCabe was crazy. "We could not raise a million for missions in a year, and if we could, there would be a ruinous reaction which would do incalculable harm." One day one of

those great progressives was making a speech to the conference. Bishop Merrill leaned over and whispered into the secretary's ear: "McCabe and Taylor are the two biggest cranks in the whole Church." The Bishop was a great and good man. He lived to see and acknowledge his mistake. When McCabe began to shout, "A Million for Missions," we were giving through the Parent Board, about eight hundred thousand dollars annually. Last year the two Boards into which the one has been divided, received \$2,595,373, and the women's societies raised nearly two millions more. Four millions and a half for missions in a single year! That was the record for last year. How it must have rejoiced the heart of McCabe, looking down from the balconies of Heaven. Thank God for the men who have visions!

When we got home from the Medina Conference, we had the grandest reception that a church ever gave us. Mrs. Winchester was presented with a beautiful silver tea-set.

I had a good many weddings while I was at Plymouth. I married one couple in the street. It was not as startling as it sounds. They came in a phaeton. The lady was a cripple, it was very hard for her to alight. "Could I not perform the ceremony while they were sitting in the carriage?" York was a very quiet street. Mrs. Winchester and one of my class-leaders, who happened along, stood on the side walk as witnesses. I stood between the wheels and pronounced the

solemn words which made two one, and away they drove, entirely satisfied.

November 19 and 20, 1884, D. L. Moody held a Workers' Convention in Central Presbyterian Church. He gave several addresses. In one he spoke strongly against reading sermons from the pulpit. He said: "If you can't remember your sermon long enough to get from the study to the pulpit, how do you think your hearers can remember it long enough to get from the pew home?"

April 21, 1885, I heard John B. Gaugh lecture on Temperance, at Central Presbyterian Church. It was a great lecture. He spoke one hour and thirty-three minutes. A stranger, who sat beside me, said, "I heard him give that same lecture, word for word, twenty-five years ago."

Richmond Avenue Church had its beginnings while I was pastor at Plymouth. It was, for the most part, a colony of Plymouth, though there were many colonists from Riverside and several from other churches. Certain ministers and laymen, of whom I was one, made up their minds that there should be a Methodist church at the corner of Richmond Avenue and Ferry Street, although, at the time, there was hardly a house to be seen from that spot. The presiding elder and F. H. Root, the most powerful Methodist layman in Buffalo, opposed the scheme. The former said: "Where are the people coming from to attend church at this spot? Are they coming out of the ground, or down out of the skies?" And

yet he joined the company of visionaries. As I remember there were fourteen of us. We bought a tract of land, at a cost of about twenty thousand dollars; cut off the corner for a church and offered to deed it free to the Methodist Union, if that body would erect a chapel to cost at least twelve hundred dollars; cut up the rest into as many house lots as we were in number; put the price of the whole tract upon the house lots; and took one lot each. I had to mortgage mine for about two-thirds of its value. I had no thought of making anything out of the transaction. But the only money I ever made in my life I made on that lot, when I sold it six years later. This transaction was completed June 8, 1885. Sunday afternoon, August 9, the chapel was dedicated. Rev. A. N. Fisher preached. I offered the first prayer ever sent up to heaven from that spot. \$450 was raised to finish paying for the chapel. The next Sunday afternoon I presided, assisted by F. C. Inglehart and G. W. Peck, at the organization of a Sunday School of 102 teachers, officers and pupils. H. H. Otis was elected Superintendent; and F. T. Coppins, of Plymouth church, assistant superintendent. The former never served, and the latter was made head of the school. In April, 1886, a church was organized, and Richard Copeland was appointed pastor. Four years after its organization Richmond Avenue Sunday School was the largest Methodist school in Buffalo; and six years later, Richmond Avenue was our largest church.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ACCORDING TO YOUR FAITH

The Conference session of 1885 was held at Lima and Bishop Hurst was the President. I was the guest of my father and mother. Some time before the reading of the appointments I was informed that I was going to Batavia. My first feeling was of disappointment. I said to myself: "I don't want to go to Batavia." But instantly the Holy Spirit flashed these words into my mind: "I have much people in this city." It was as sudden and vivid as lightning. I recognized the words as those addressed by God to Paul, with reference to the city of Corinth, as recorded in Acts 18:10. But I knew they were for me. I knew that they meant that God had much people in Batavia, whom He was going to save through me as his instrument. I was sure as I was that I was alive that I should see a revival at Batavia. This assurance filled me with great joy. I went to my new field of labor with victory in my soul.

Batavia was a very beautiful village of about six thousand inhabitants. It is now the youngest city in the State of New York with a population of twelve thousand. It is the capital of the county of Genesee, one of the richest agricultural sections of the globe, admirably adapted to raising of

wheat and fruit, midway between Buffalo and Rochester, on the greatest railroad in the world. We had a fine brick church, valued at twenty-five thousand dollars, considerably out of repair, recently saved, by the help of conference, from a crushing debt, and a four thousand dollar parsonage, almost new. The church has a location, on Main street, which cannot be surpassed, and the parsonage is close by on a beautiful side street.

The salary of my immediate predecessor was one thousand dollars, a considerable part of which was raised by what was called a "donation." It was a donation to the church and not to the minister. The first quarterly conference said to me: "We want to give you twelve hundred dollars; but we shall have to raise a part by the donation plan. We will pay you one thousand dollars sure, and will do our best to make the donation equal two hundred dollars." The result was that I received one thousand dollars salary each of my three years, and my donations were \$152, \$165 and \$200. The donation parties at Batavia were the best in their management that I have ever known. They were held in a public hall. There was a fine literary and musical program, followed by a splendid dinner, fit for an emperor. Batavia Church did not abandon the donations plan till the fall of 1896, when the salary was fixed at \$1175.

When I went to Batavia there were 260 full members. When I left, there were 316. The to-

tal amount raised for the benevolences during the three years of my immediate predecessor, was \$925. During my three years it was \$1,147.

As soon as we were settled in my new home I went to work, with all my might, to visit the people, to put all the life I could into the prayer meeting and to preach such sermons as should convict sinners and lead Christians into full salvation. My usual congregation was about as large as the house would hold, especially at night; and much interest seemed to be awakened.

I closed the old year with a watch meeting. I will stop here to record that I have held a watch meeting every year of all my pastorates, with only five exceptions. They were all seasons of great profit. I never had any difficulty in filling up the time. I have never seen the need of inserting a literary program, or of serving coffee and fried-cakes, or of contriving any other way for killing time. There is no time in the whole year so valuable for impressing truth on the minds of our people as the last few hours and minutes. I would advise every pastor to hold a watch-night service every year, unless there are very special reasons for its omission. At that watch meeting at Batavia a young Irish Roman Catholic barber was converted. I think he came in, out of curiosity, to see what a watch meeting was. He joined the church. Some weeks later I noticed that the shop was closed. In a few days he came to see me. He said: "You have noticed that my shop was closed.

I have been to Rochester to see my mother, who was sick. I stayed with her till she died. She made me promise that she should be buried from St. Mary's Catholic Church. As soon as she was laid out, I went to see the priest and told him of mother's death and of her request to be buried from the church. He told me that it would cost me ten dollars and that I would have to pay cash down. There was no other way to carry out my promise to mother; so I gave him ten dollars, though mother had rubbed out hundreds of dollars on the wash-board and given to him. But I made him give me a receipt"; and he pulled it out of his pocket and showed it to me.

Following that watch meeting I held about two weeks of special services for prayer and testimony. Wednesday, January 20, I preached to the unconverted and gave an invitation to come to the altar for prayer. Several persons sought the Lord that night. I kept on preaching every night till one week from the following Sunday, when I received about forty adults into the church on probation. I never had a revival start off so easily and progress so rapidly and with so little effort. I went on with the meetings till about the first of March with preaching every night. I had no help except occasionally from neighboring pastors and from a superannuated preacher living in the place. I hoped and prayed and labored for a mighty revival that should sweep the town. It might have been so. That was the divine will.

But there were not faith and power enough in the church and its pastor. However I received fifty-six probationers; many were converted who did not join us; many backslidden church members were reclaimed; and the whole church was lifted to a much higher spiritual plane. Thus God fulfilled the promise He made me at conference, when I felt disappointed about my appointment. I conducted two other short revival campaigns, while I was at Batavia, one each winter. In the second I had the help of Evangelist D. W. Thurston for two weeks. These meetings bore fruit in about fifty professed conversions.

In the summer of my first year at Batavia extensive improvements were made in the church edifice. A very elegant and artistic fresco was put upon the walls of the auditorium; the Sunday-school room was decorated; the floors were recarpeted; all the interior wood-work was redressed; and an inclined floor was laid in the auditorium, which brought all the hearers face to face with the speaker and corrected bad acoustic conditions which had tormented all the pastors since the church was built. These improvements, with some things done for the parsonage, cost \$1,350.

Some time before I was sent to Batavia the place was invaded by a company of people calling themselves "Seventh Day Adventists." Their headquarters were at Battle Creek, Mich. They held four doctrines on which they laid great stress: the speedy coming of Christ, the non-existence of the

human spirit apart from the body, the annihilation of the wicked and the keeping of Saturday as Sabbath. They made the most of the last doctrine. They had hired a hall for a regular worship, organized a church and put a minister in charge of their work. They were exceedingly busy. I do not doubt that they were sincere, and intended to do good. But their zeal was misdirected and I think they were decidedly fanatical. I could not learn that they made any attempt to convert sinners. They turned all their guns against the churches and did all they could to drag members out of them into their organization. They sowed the town with their literature, which was most artfully written to mislead and befog the mind of the unlearned and unwary.

There was one extreme case. One of my lady members called at the parsonage one day, literally wringing her hands in agony. She was almost insane. The Adventists had made her believe that keeping Sunday as Sabbath, instead of Saturday, was "the mark of the beast," and that she must leave the Methodist Church, in which she had been brought up, and which she loved almost as she loved her life, or go to hell.

I held in my righteous wrath for a good while, not knowing what it was best to do. But, hearing that the Seventh Day Adventists were to hold a camp meeting just outside of the village, including a certain Sunday, I carefully prepared a sermon on the Sabbath question and had about

a thousand copies printed in the form of a tract. Then I gave notice that I would preach on the doctrines of the Seventh Day Adventists, on Sunday evening, June 13, 1886, the Sunday of their camp meeting. The house was full. Two of the Adventist preachers were present. They worked like beavers, taking notes, all the time while I was preaching. I was told that they took notes of the prayer. I said nothing against their views of the second coming of Christ and only alluded to their no-soul doctrine. But I launched into their Sabbatarianism with all my might, showing that keeping the first day of the week was not contrary to the Fourth Commandment and was according to the example of the Apostolic Church and the teachings of Christ himself. When I had finished, I said: "You will find copies of the sermon which you have just listened to on the table in front of the pulpit. Come up and help yourselves. They are free to all." The Adventist preachers came up and took copies, as did hundred of others. Whether my little sermon had any effect or not, it is a fact that the Seventh Day Adventists all left the town and I never had any more trouble with them whatever.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WORKING WITH GOD.

Some very startling events took place while I was at Batavia. One day I was summoned to a little hotel, near the railway station, to see a tramp who had just been run over by a train. He was lying upon a table at the top of a flight of stairs, and the doctors were ready with their instruments to amputate one of his feet. He was stealing a ride home to Troy, N. Y., from the far west, and had fallen between two cars. His right foot was ground to pieces. His father, from whose home he had run away many months before, was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian church, and so the boy had sent for a Presbyterian minister. As the messenger could not find the Presbyterian pastor, he came for me. The young man knew that there was danger that he would not live through the operation and wanted help to prepare for eternity. It was a dreadfully solemn moment. I did the best I could for him, repeating Scripture and pointing him to the cross of Christ. He had been brought up right, but had plunged deep into sin. As I knelt to pray, a group of very rough looking men, who stood by, reverently took off their hats, and one of them said to a man who was noisily ascending the stairs:

"Keep still! The minister is going to pray." When I finished my prayer, they all said, "Amen." The tramp seemed to get hold of Christ. He gave me his father's address and asked me to write to him, if the operation was fatal, and tell him that his boy was saved. We shook hands and bade each other good by, and I hurried away. He never returned to consciousness after the anesthetic was administered but died under the knife.

One of my church families had three boys and one dear little girl, four years old, named Mabel. On the same street was another Methodist family where was an only child, a boy, named Roy, five years old. Mabel and Roy played together every day. One day they were playing in the sitting-room of Roy's home. Roy had a harmless toy pistol, with which he was playing shoot Mabel. The toy did not make noise enough. In the drawer of a dresser, in a bed-room off the parlor, Roy's father kept a loaded revolver. Roy had seen it there. He got the revolver and shot Mabel dead. What a comment on the silliness of keeping pistols about the house! Except in very extraordinary circumstances, a Christian has no possible use for a revolver. Mabel's mother was one of the most devout and holy women I ever knew. The calmness and resignation and sweetness with which she bore her sorrow were marvelous and miraculous. No wonder that such a woman had recently won her husband to Christ!

One chilly summer morning I was called out

of bed, at three o'clock, to go and see a woman who was dying. I found her sitting in a chair on a back porch, surrounded by her friends who were vigorously fanning her to keep the breath of life in her body. She was in great physical pain, and in still greater mental agony. She was about to go into eternity, and she knew she was lost. I went to work at once to show her how to be saved. I repeated passages of Scripture and prayed and sang and tried to make the way plain to her darkened mind. It seemed all in vain for a long time. But just as the sun was coming above the horizon, the light of heaven broke upon her soul. She was as happy as before she had been miserable. She began to shout with all her might. She sprang to her feet, clapping her hands and shouting, "I'm well, soul and body!" She seemed to be perfectly well, though nothing had been said about her physical healing. Now comes the strangest part of my story. She was a coal-black negress. But she looked whiter than anybody I had ever seen. Her face and whole person shone with a supernatural brightness above the light of the rising sun. The reader may deem me a fanatic or a fool. But I record the simple truth, after twenty-seven years of sober reflection. I am sorry that I did not ask the others present whether they saw the light. But it was so evident to me that I did not think of questioning its reality.

I preached a series of sermons at Batavia, on

"The Ten plagues of (Egypt) Modern Society." I took each of the ten ancient plagues to represent a modern evil which I called a plague. The ten were "Harmful Novels," "The Modern Dance," "Beer," "Tobacco," "Fashion," "The Theater," "Gambling," "Sabbath Desecration," "Spiritualism," which I called "Witchcraft," and "Intemperance." The sermons drew crowded houses and produced much commotion. The last but one attracted the most attention. For some time the town generally had been running after a woman whom I called a "witchdoctor." She had a husband, with whom she did not live, and lived with a man, who was not her husband. She claimed to be in league with the spirit of an Indian woman who died before Columbus discovered America. When thus possessed, she could look right into a person's insides and tell what disease was there and what drug would drive it away. Scores of most respectable and wealthy people had fallen victims to her impudence and ignorance. The evening I preached on "Spiritualism" she and her paramour were present and heard me tell the origin and history of modern Spiritualism, its utter falsity and devilishness, how it is denounced in the Bible and how dishonest and wicked her own character and conduct were. That sermon was published and had a large circulation.

The witch soon ran her course and lost her credit. One of her victims was a woman who had been a very earnest worker in my church.

She became so infatuated that she gave up the church and all pretence of being a Christian. She got her husband bewitched also. But he was soon disillusioned. Being sick, he sent for the witch. She came and prescribed belladonna in such large doses that he almost died. A physician, suddenly called, barely saved his life. Then he was angry and swore that he would leave his wife if she had anything more to do with the witch. That cured her of her folly.

In the month of May, 1888, I went to Albany, as the guest of the Senator from our district, a resident of Batavia. I sat with the Senate, in the evening, and heard Robert G. Ingersoll deliver a memorial address for Roscoe Conkling, who had recently died. It was a splendid piece of oratory. There was only one sentence that savored of infidelity. The next day I went to New York City on the same parlor car with Mr. Ingersoll and his wife and a friend of the Colonel. I watched them very closely. A large bottle, apparently of whiskey, passed back and forth among them very frequently. At New York I visited the General Conference, and saw the five new Bishops, Vincent, Fitzgerald, Joyce, Newman and Goodsell.

I organized a Young People's Christian Association at Batavia, which, I think, did much good. Two lecture courses were maintained, under the management of the Association. They put a handsome sum of money into our treasury. One of the lectures was Chaplain McCabe's "Bright

Side of Life in Libby Prison," from which the Association made over fifty dollars.

My third year at Batavia I undertook an enterprise which cost me much labor. It was the securing of a new pipe organ. Batavia was a great musical community. All the principal churches but ours had fine instruments, and there was a large one at the State Institute for the Blind. We had a little old thing, which was a disgrace to us. I felt impressed that the Lord wanted me to remove the disgrace. I got the board together and proposed that we buy an organ. "How much will it cost?" they asked. "I think fifteen hundred dollars will buy one large enough for our church," I answered. They declared—the most influential men in the board—that we could not raise that amount. "May I try?" I asked. "I want you to pass a resolution authorizing me to circulate a subscription for an organ and pledging you to purchase one when I shall have raised fifteen hundred dollars, including whatever I can get for the old one. I will not say a word about the matter in public and the passage of the resolution will not pledge any one of you to give a dollar. I will take you one by one." They could not well help passing such a resolution. That was July 11th, 1887. I went to work immediately. August 31st I sold the old organ for two hundred dollars. September 9th my subscription footed up thirteen hundred dollars. The same day a contract was made with

E. L. Holbrook, of Millis, Mass., for a new organ. The old organ was sold to the church at Big Flats, where I began my ministry. December 26th I heard the first strain on the new organ. It was about the sweetest music I ever heard. January 3rd, 1888, the organ was dedicated. That organ cost me a vast amount of labor and the friendship of some of the members of my flock, who gave nothing themselves and did all they could to hinder others from giving.

Batavia was the first church where the law allowed me to stay more than three years. I made up my mind that my work was done, and told Presiding Elder Stevens so. I think the vast majority of the congregation wished me to remain, but some, who did not want the organ, did not want me. When a pastor cannot command the support of almost all the people of influence, he would better go.

Early in the morning of October 3, 1888, I started for Rochester, to attend conference in Asbury Church, on one of the New York Central's fastest trains. As it was going down Byron Hill, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, suddenly I found that my car was off the track; it was bounding about at a fearful rate. I said to myself: "You may be in eternity in a minute." The next instant a heavenly voice said to my inner ear: "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against

a stone," and I knew that I should not be hurt. The car stopped, and I climbed out of a window. The sight was indescribable. The train was broken to pieces and the road-bed looked like a plowed field. But nobody was hurt, and I heard the train men say: "It is a miracle. The preachers saved us." I think Bishop Thoburn and I were the only preachers on the train.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ON LAND AND SEA.

Wednesday, October 10, 1888, Bishop Foster appointed me pastor at Medina, Orleans County, N. Y., to succeed George H. Dryer, who, at the same time, became my presiding elder.

Medina is a beautiful village, on the Erie Canal and the Niagara Falls branch of the New York Central Railroad, forty-one miles from Buffalo and the same distance from Rochester. Our people had a large and convenient church and an elegant parsonage, and a membership of 290.

Just two weeks after my appointment to Medina I was summoned to Lima by telegram on account of the illness of my father. He was almost seventy-four years old. He was desperately sick with pneumonia. The doctor said there was no hope of his recovery. Requests were sent to the pastors of the Methodist and Presbyterian churches that they would ask the people at their prayer meetings that Thursday night to pray for father's restoration to health. While the church bells were calling the people to prayer, a little company gathered in father's room. The doctor had just left the house, after saying to me: "Your father cannot live till morning." A little after the bells ceased tolling I said: "Father, the people at the

churches are praying for your recovery. Would you like to have us pray for you?" In a very feeble voice he answered, "Yes." So we knelt in prayer. I remember that the steward of the seminary prayed; and my mother and my wife and a sister from the neighborhood and I. Last of all father prayed from the bed, with a clear, strong voice, as when he was well. He did not pray particularly for life and health. It was more a prayer of thanksgiving and praise for blessings already received. We all rose from our knees feeling that our prayers had been answered. Just then the doctor entered the room. Taking father by the wrist, he turned to me with a pallid face and exclaimed: "His pulse is normal! His fever is gone!" Father seemed to be well from that hour. In a few days he was about the house and the village with all his usual vigor. He told me how it was when we were praying for him: "I seemed to be standing on the line which divides the two worlds. God said to me, 'You can go or stay, just as you please.' I felt ready to go; but I thought I would stay a little longer for mother's sake."

I closed the year 1888 with a very good watch meeting, intending to make it the beginning of a revival campaign, and I did hold about a week of meetings. But, on the 10th of January, an event took place which shocked and almost paralyzed us. A violent wind wrenched off the spire of our church and hurled it to the ground. The spire

was made of timber and slate, with a base eighteen feet in diameter and a height of about fifty feet, standing on a brick tower probably seventy-five feet in height. The tower remained intact; but the spire came off altogether. On the way down the spire struck the roof of the church, knocking a huge hole clear down into the auditorium. Then it hit and smashed the corner of a neighboring house and filled the dooryard with kindling wood. The damage done to the house cost the church three hundred dollars. The part of the dwelling which was wrecked contained the sleeping room of a servant girl. The owner of the house stated that she had been in the family for about three years, and had not been away over night before. She was absent that night. If she had not been, she would certainly have been killed. Two Sundays we worshiped in the Sunday school room, while the damaged roof was being repaired.

I saw that the first thing to be done was to put God's house in repair. An entire new roof was needed. Some sort of a spire must be put in place of the old one. All the rooms needed to be refrescoed and painted. A new carpet and new cushions were needed for the auditorium. All this was done at an expense of three thousand dollars, of which every dollar was collected by the pastor.

The tall spire was replaced with a much shorter one of a different style. It was designed by me

and erected under my direction. When it was finished, and the first severe wind storm visited us, I climbed up into the spire to see if it was firm and able to resist the fury of the elements. It stands now, where I put it a quarter of a century ago.

I helped a carpenter lay a new bell-deck in the tower. When it was finished there was some extra lumber to be lowered down through a trap-door in a recess in the auditorium. I was standing in the auditorium to receive the boards and scantling as the carpenter let them down with a rope. I turned to speak to someone who was calling me. That instant the rope slipped and the lumber came crashing down a distance of thirty-five feet. I did not see it coming and I was not conscious of hearing any cry of warning, but not knowing what I was doing, or why, I sprang forward with a mighty bound and escaped the mass, which struck exactly where I had been standing a second before. Thus my life was saved, I believe, by a supernatural influence which made me jump when I did not intend to. I have had many narrow escapes in the course of my life.

At Medina I witnessed the most glorious sight in all my life. A young lady, a member of the church, was sick with consumption. I visited her very many times, generally twice a week, for nearly a year. She was a sincere Christian, though remarkably quiet, undemonstrative and timid. Though she always appeared glad to see

me, and said enough to assure me that she was saved in Christ and ready to depart, yet it was hard for her to express her thoughts in words. Her eloquence was the eloquence of a sweet silence and a placid countenance. One very bright day in September a message came that she was dying. I found her lying on a couch in the middle of the parlor, with a score of relatives about her—parents, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts and cousins. There were many windows in the room and the whole apartment was flooded with light, but from her whole person flashed out a light far brighter than that of the unclouded sun. She was the center of a blaze of glory. I saw it as soon as I entered. It was the same light I saw in Sister Barber's darkened room at Millport. It was the same light I saw in the face of the negro woman at Batavia. It was so evident that it did not occur to me to inquire whether others saw it. I wish I had. The dying girl was most rapturously happy. Such bliss was hers as I never saw manifested by any other person. She was talking when I entered the room. Her tongue was all aflame. I had never heard such eloquence. I heard Beecher and Spurgeon and Simpson and Punshon and Douglass and Philips and Blaine and McKinley and Anna Dickinson and Frances Willard, when they were at the summit of their genius; but I solemnly declare that I never heard such eloquence as came from the lips of that unlettered girl as she called her friends, one by one, to her

couch and exhorted them to give their hearts to her Savior or to persevere in the way to heaven. To see and hear her was one of the greatest events in my life. That room seemed to be the vestibule of heaven. Nay, it seemed to be heaven itself.

Late in the winter of 1889 and 1890 I took a violent cold, or contracted the grippe, and was in a wretched condition for several weeks. If I had been wise enough to rest a few days all would have been well. But I stubbornly kept at my work till I was forced to go to bed, where I lay desperately sick for many weeks. As soon as I was able I went to the Dansville Sanatorium. There I was warned to give up all work for at least six months. The result was that I took a three months' trip abroad with my intimate friend, the Rev. E. H. Latimer, in a tourist party conducted by Professor Joseph Swain. I had to borrow the money to pay for my trip; but it was one of the wisest things I ever did.

I will not describe my journeys. The story has been told in a widely-circulated book. I traveled through Belgium, France, Switzerland, Italy, England and Scotland. I missed Germany and Holland by being sick in Italy. I was desperately sick in Rome. I think I should have died there had I not been nursed by one of my Cazenovia students, Miss Emma Hall, a missionary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. I am also indebted to the kindness of our missionary, the Rev. William Burt, now Bishop Burt. When the

tourist party left me alone in Rome, before I had seen Miss Hall, and I was tempted to be discouraged and to think that I should never see home, I got a dispatch from heaven that I should surely recover. As soon as I was able I started for London, where, two weeks later, I was joined by the rest of the party. September 10, I landed in New York safe, sound, happy and thankful, and greatly enriched in body, mind and soul.

Almost as soon as I got back to Medina the people began to clamor for a recital of my experiences from the pulpit. I refused to say a word for many weeks, while thinking what was best to do. November 9th I began a course of eighteen Sunday evening sermons on "The Gospel of Foreign Travel." I described such portions of my travels as I could use to illustrate the gospel of Jesus Christ. Every discourse had a Scripture text and was packed with Scripture truth. The series was exceedingly popular. The large auditorium was packed every night, with many standing through the entire service. Many persons who had not been church-goers were drawn in and held and saved and permanently joined to the church. When I began I had just one sermon prepared. It was an experiment. I doubted whether there would be a second. But the people crowded around me at the close and said: "Go on; give us more." Early every week I would write out a sermon, the sentences seeming to run from the point of the pen like molten metal. The

paper sermon was always left in my desk, while I was giving it to the people at the church. When the sermons had all been delivered, I was advised to publish them. So I published, at my own risk and expense, a book entitled, "The Gospel of Foreign Travel." The edition of one thousand copies went quickly. The Western Methodist Book Concern offered to take the book and publish a new edition at their expense. The agents said they had never republished a book not issued by themselves. But they wanted a new name. I gave them "The Gospel Kodak Abroad." Under its two names my book has had a large circulation, brought me many flattering letters from distinguished persons, done much good—as I have reason to believe—and gone a long way toward paying the expense of my foreign trip.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A STRANGE TURN OF THE WHEEL.

When I went to conference at Dansville, in the autumn of 1891, I expected to be reappointed to Medina for the fourth year. There was nothing in the way. I had a cordial invitation from the quarterly conference, and nobody, I think, was looking for a change. On Friday a strong committee from First Church, Corning, came to me and said: "We want you for our pastor." I said: "What do you want to do?" They replied: "We want a revival and a new church." I asked a few questions, and then said: "I am pleasantly located at Medina and the people want me to stay. But I think I have done about all I can there. Your church presents larger opportunities for usefulness. You may tell the bishop for me that if he wants to appoint me to Corning I will not object." So I was put down for Corning. As I afterwards learned, the bishop told the committee on Saturday afternoon that they could go home with the assurance that I would be their pastor for the coming year. My room-mate was my old and intimate friend, Henry C. Woods. For the eleventh year he was one of my assistants in the secretarial work of the conference. We kept nothing from each other. The ministers of Corning district had

asked for him for presiding elder and it was generally understood that he was down on the bishop's list for that office. He and I were delighted that we were to live in the same town. Neither of us had a word with Bishop Andrews about our appointments; but we considered our destiny fixed. I had telegraphed my wife that we were going to Corning. I wanted to make preparations for moving, for we had planned to attend the Ecumenical Conference at Washington immediately after the adjournment of Genesee Conference. But no Methodist preacher is sure what his next field of labor will be till the bishop has read the appointments. Monday evening information came from the cabinet that Woods was going to Corning Church and Winchester to Corning district. Both of us were disappointed. But we comforted ourselves with the words: "Well, we shall be together, anyway." At 3:15 Tuesday afternoon conference adjourned, and I was presiding elder of Corning district.

When conference adjourned, October 6, my hands were full of work. I must publish the conference Minutes and get it out early, so that the preachers would not call it "ancient history;" I must attend the Ecumenical Conference at Washington, of which I had been appointed a member, and which would be in session from the 7th to the 20th of October; I must get my goods out of the way of my successor at Medina and into some unknown house at Corning; I must arrange and pub-

lish my first quarterly plan, and I must get my work started on that immense district. I telegraphed a request to a member of the Corning Committee to secure me a house. I worked hard preparing copy for the minutes till late Tuesday night and nearly all day Wednesday. Wednesday evening I went to Rochester and had a thorough understanding with my printer. That night Mrs. Winchester joined me, with the intelligence that our goods were ready for shipment. Thursday morning we started for Washington.

We remained at the capitol till the nineteenth of the month. I wish I had space to describe the Second Ecumenical Methodist Conference. I must linger upon it a moment. It was the grandest body of men I ever saw. They were four hundred ministers and laymen, representing twenty-eight branches of universal Methodism. I will mention a few incidents. Bishop Newman preached a grand memorial sermon on the morning of the first Sunday in Metropolitan Church. It was learned, philosophical, historical, eloquent, profound. In the evening Dr. T. B. Stephenson, president of the great mother Methodist Church of Great Britain, was to preach in the same place. I wondered what he would do after the grand effort of the morning. He preached a very plain gospel sermon on Philip and the Eunuch, after which he called upon Hugh Price Hughes to exhort; and the altar was filled with kneeling penitents seeking the pardon of their sins. That is

the way Methodism has won all her successes, and that is the only way in which she can continue to succeed.

There was a new presiding officer every session. The Americans made better chairmen than the Englishmen. The bishops of the different branches were the best of all. One of the very best chairmen was Bishop A. W. Wyman of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, a huge, coal black Negro.

The Englishmen had a way of groaning, or hooting, or howling, if anything was said which they greatly disliked. One day they tried this on Dr. J. M. Buckley. He paused and turned his keen eyes upon them and said: "Groan away; your groaning does not disturb my mental operations in the least." The groaning was drowned in a thunderous burst of applause; and the gallant American went on with his strong statements without further annoyance.

Every speaker was ruthlessly called down the very instant his time expired. One day the venerable Bishop Keener of the Southern Church, was speaking. In imagination he took us to the famous gunworks of Mr. Krupp. There he showed us a huge steam hammer, which could strike a blow of many tons and yet could be stopped within a hair's breadth of any object lying on the anvil. At the suggestion of his guide, he took out his watch and laid it on the anvil. That instant the gavel of the presiding officer fell and the bish-

op had to take his seat, leaving his watch under the descending hammer.

Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States, visited and addressed the conference; and we were all invited to a special reception at the White House.

October 22 I performed my first act as presiding elder by presiding in a quarterly conference at Niles Valley, on the East Charleston charge. Two days later I preached my first presiding elder sermon in the Dexter schoolhouse. November 5 the conference minutes came from the press, just twenty-six working days after the adjournment of the conference.

When I went upon Corning district it had forty-four pastoral charges, one hundred and seven preaching places and eighty-eight church edifices, On the same territory of nineteen hundred and sixty square miles, all other Protestant denominations combined had one hundred and fourteen congregations, one hundred and two church edifices and nine thousand nine hundred and fifty members.

My labors on the district were very severe. I undertook to hold four quarterly conferences on every charge each year and to give every charge three Sunday sermons. With a very few failures I carried out this plan for six years. I preached three times almost every Sunday, and frequently several times during the week. For the whole six years I averaged more than four sermons ev-

ery week. I also delivered eighty lectures and addresses during my term. I dedicated eleven new churches, and reopened, after extensive repairs, six old ones. At these services about \$40,000 were pledged. In doing this work I traveled 34,731 miles, of which 8,873 were behind horses. I did not travel one mile in any kind of a public conveyance on the Lord's day. Perhaps I was extreme in my views in regard to Sunday travel. My thought was that the railroads are the greatest foe of Sabbath observance and that Christians ought not to patronize an institution which makes heathens of two hundred thousand employees and openly and defiantly violates the fourth commandment. If I made a mistake, it is a pleasure to reflect that I made it on the safe side and against my personal convenience.

I carefully attended to the financial interests of the district. I found on the rural charges a very general lack of system in providing for the expenses of God's house. If the farmers had neglected their own finances as they did the Lord's they would have become paupers many years before. I must confess that I did not have much success in trying to bring about a better state of things. At the beginning of my fifth year I started out to preach on tithing to every congregation. I carefully prepared a sermon on that subject and had many thousand copies of it printed in the form of a small tract. These I took with me on my rounds. I would preach the ser-

mon to a congregation and, at the close, would say: "You have heard the sermon. You will find copies of the same on the table in the altar. Help yourselves to as many as you like, gratis. Read it over. If you can find any flaw in my argument, point it out to me the next time we meet or write to me about it. If you can find no error in my reasoning, I demand, in the name of God, that you begin at once to practice what I have preached." No one ever pointed out to me any error in my sermon, and I know that very many were led to practice the law of the tenth. I have heard from that sermon very many times in recent years. It fell into the hands of Missionary Secretary McCabe, and he sent a copy to every presiding elder in our Church. Twenty-five thousand copies have been circulated.

The presiding eldership or district superintendency is a very important office. I do not see how our Church can exist without it, unless our entire economy is revolutionized. Men who have had no experience in working it, and who come to conclusions without thought, would sweep it away utterly; they pronounce it a useless and burdensome relic of primitive times. Without it the bishop could not possibly make the appointments. Who can estimate the value of an agency which assures a pastor for every congregation all the time, and a place all the time for every minister? What if it does cost us twenty-six cents apiece? (That is the cost in Genesee Conference:

twenty-six cents for each lay member each year). The cost is nothing compared with the advantage of pulpits always full and ministers always at work.

And then the superintendency is a mighty power. The district superintendent is, to most of the churches, a man above the average of the men whom they have ever had for pastors. Besides, the office carries great respect and weight with it wherever it goes. The coming of the district superintendent is a great event to a large majority of the churches, if the man puts his whole mind and soul into his work, and the pastor is careful to use him to the utmost.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE PRESIDING ELDER.

When I knew that I was to be presiding elder, the thought instantly flashed into my mind, as a conviction from God, that it was the divine will that I should go to Corning district and set it on fire for holiness. That was the great thought in my mind for six years. That is what I tried, with all my might to do. I believed that my mission was "to spread Scriptural holiness over" all the territory, and through all the churches, committed to my care. In all my pastorates I had remembered the words of John Wesley: "Where Christian perfection is not strongly and implicitly preached, there is seldom any remarkable blessing of God; and, consequently, little to the society and little life in the members of it. Speak and spare not. Let no regard for any man induce you to betray the truth of God. Till you press believers to expect full salvation now, you must not look for any revival." On nine charges I had preached the Wesleyan and Pauline doctrine of entire sanctification; I had seen nothing but good results from such preaching; I had met with but little opposition; I had led many over into the Canaan of perfect love. I was sure that what was good for a single church would be good for a district of churches.

At every district conference but the first, during my eldership, a three or four days' Pentecostal meeting was held, which was very largely attended by pastors, pastors' wives and laymen. Usually an evangelist was employed; sometimes two. Three sermons a day were preached; altar services were held; and very much time was given to prayer and testimony. A camp meeting was established at which great emphasis was laid upon the doctrine of the infilling with the Holy Ghost. I preached on holiness all over the district. As my chances at the people, on any particular charge, were few and far between, holiness was my theme at almost every quarterly meeting. Evangelists were secured to go all over the district and hold Pentecostal meetings of longer or shorter duration. The results of these and other similar efforts were most blessed; nearly all the pastors of the district, who had not before, professed to experience the blessing of perfect love. Hundreds of laymen passed over into Canaan. Very extensive revivals visited all parts of the district. A most blessed spirit of harmony and love prevailed almost everywhere. Quarterly meetings of marvelous power were held in many places. The old men and women said that it was as in the early days. Many churches (not buildings, but bodies of believers) were completely transformed, and from being moral ice houses, became red-hot furnaces of divine love and power.

During my six years in the presiding elder-

ship, Corning District had a gain, in full membership, of 1,659, without any increase in territory, and notwithstanding the pastors and official boards were earnestly and repeatedly exhorted to get rid of all dead timber and to cut down the lists of membership so that they would show the real facts. The average gain for each of the other five districts of Genesee Conference, during the same period was 843. During the same time Corning District gave \$6,354 more for the regular benevolences than during the previous six years. During the seventeen years which have elapsed since I left the district, its increase in membership has been less than during my six years, although the district has received a large addition of territory. During my term of office the pastors of the district received 6,407 persons by probation. I do not write these things to praise myself, but solely to convince the reader that John Wesley made no mistake when he wrote in his Journal, in 1779: "Wherever the work of sanctification increases the whole work of God increases, in all its branches."

The results of the holiness work on Corning District were nothing but good. There were no divisions or discords in the churches, and, so far as I could discover, no fanaticism.

It is a pleasure to me to think of two strong young churches, which were born while I was on Corning District. I saw the need of a third church in Hornellsville. On the south side was a

large community of people who did not go to church. Between them and all the churches were the Erie Railroad's many tracks, so that it was not safe for children to go to Sunday school. I asked the Rev. G. S. Spencer if he would be willing to go there and take his chances of getting a living, where there was nothing but some people who needed salvation, and also preach at Hartsville, five miles distant, where he would receive three hundred dollars. I chose him because he had a horse, no children at home, pluck, faith, and a thorough knowledge of the city where he had been a Young Men's Christian Association secretary. He said, "Yes." So, at my request, Bishop Goodsell, in 1894, appointed Brother Spencer pastor of Hornellsville, South Side and Hartsville. Brother Spencer hired and furnished a house for himself. He and I rented and refitted a house as a place of worship. January 3, 1895, I organized South Side Church, with eighteen members. July 30, of the same year, I laid the corner stone of a church, to which the people voted to give the name of "Spencer." All this time the official board of Park Church were furiously indignant toward me for starting an enterprise which, they were sure, would damage them and do no good. They did not alarm me in the least. I knew I was right and told them that they would some day see and admit that I was. September 17, 1896, I dedicated Spencer Church, an elegant and commodious edifice, costing \$14,000. What

a monument to the goodness and power of God and the faith and courage of Brother Spencer! What do we see now? When the South Side enterprise began, Park Church had 700 members; now she has 863. And Spencer Church has 410 members, owns property valued at \$26,500 (on which there is \$4,500 of debt), pays her pastor a salary of \$1,200, with the use of an elegant parsonage.

There ought to have been a church in Corning, on the north side of the Chemung River, long before there was. Because the members of First Church did not have vision, an expensive and beautiful Congregational Church was built and paid for, over there, chiefly by Methodists, who could not be forced to cross a river and two railroads to get to a place of worship; and we were left to "play second fiddle," or never join the orchestra. Just before the conference session of 1896, I hired a hall on the north side of the river, in Corning, suitable for a place of worship. At conference I asked Bishop Hurst to appoint F. H. VanKeuren, pastor of Painted Post and Fifth Ward, Corning, the hall which I had rented, being less than two miles distant from the parsonage at Painted Post. The Bishop wisely followed my advice. February 3, 1897, I helped to organize Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, in the hired hall, on the north side of the Chemung. Now Grace Church has a membership of 212, a church edifice worth \$9,000 and a parsonage

worth \$3,000, with no debt on either, pays a salary of \$1,000, and, last year gave \$523 for the benevolences. To do such things as I did at Hornell and Corning is just what presiding elders are for. Any other man, in my place, could have done all I did. If I had not acted, on my own responsibility, or some other man in my place and with my authority, those two very efficient and greatly needed churches would not exist.

At Corning we lived at No. 267 Chemung Street. When we took possession of the house and saw the number, I said to Mrs. Winchester: "How can we remember those odd figures?" With the ready wit for which she was distinguished, she instantly answered: "Very easily; we two graduated in sixty-seven."

Many important events took place in that house. There my parents died, father, November 26, 1892; and mother, February 9, 1894. There Mrs. Winchester and I celebrated our silver wedding, July 21, 1893, with the presence of 115 friends and letters of regret from 250. There our daughter was married, September 12, 1894. There our granddaughter was born August 1, 1895.

June 24, 1892, I received a telegram informing me that Syracuse University had just conferred upon me the degree of Doctor of Divinity. It was one of the greatest surprises of my life. To this day, I do not know who proposed it or how it came about. There are some wise and good

men who think that a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus ought to illustrate His humility by refusing all such worldly honors. But it seems to me that the man who refuses an honorary degree shows much more self-conceit than he who silently accepts, for he advertises his greatness and, virtually, says to the world: "I am so great that no university can make me seem any greater."

While superintending Corning District, I refused the chair of Greek in one of the largest universities in the nation. In 1896 I had the honor and heavy responsibility of representing Genesee Conference in the General Conference at Cleveland. Whether I would have been selected for that service, if I had not been a presiding elder, is a question. I did all I could to make a bishop of "Chaplain" McCabe and helped, in a sub-committee of the Committee on the State of the Church, to frame the present law about conference evangelists.

In winding up my district work I prepared a souvenir of my six years of labor in the presiding eldership, a collection of eighteen quarterly meeting sermons. Dr. Daniel Steele, my favorite college professor, wrote an introduction, and the Western Methodist Book Concern published the volume, with the title, "Wells of Salvation." It has had two editions and has had quite a wide circulation. I found a copy of it in central Kansas, in 1905. In one of his Philadelphia sermons,

"Billy" Sunday quoted two pages, almost word for word, from one of the sermons in my book. I am finding no fault; I merely state an interesting fact.

I hardly saw a sick day on Corning District. I was stronger in body when I closed my work than when I began. I made some of the most valuable friendships of all my life. I found forty-four pastoral charges. I left fifty, on the same territory.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PASTOR AND EVANGELIST.

I am aware that I am spinning out these Reminiscences to too great a length. The remaining years I will pass over at a more rapid gait. I can do this because events in the life of a minister are constantly repeating themselves.

At the expiration of my six years on Corning District, Bishop Walden appointed me pastor at Wellsville, Allegany County, New York. I went to my new charge with high hopes. For once, at least, I was sent to a church which had asked for me. The official board had unanimously selected me, many weeks before conference, and, when they presented my name to the bishop, and he asked them to name an alternate, they refused.

I found a very pleasant village of about four thousand inhabitants; a fine church edifice, almost new; a membership of 406; a very comfortable parsonage; a large congregation; a live prayer meeting, and a good salary, promptly paid. I gave Wellsville three years of the most earnest and faithful service I could render. I preached 381 sermons, officiated at 45 funerals, baptized 54 candidates, conducted 15 weeks of special revival service and made 2,370 pastoral visits. I received 83 persons on probation, a large proportion of whom graduated into full membership. And

yet the conference minutes shows an increase in membership of only two. This is accounted for by the fact that the thorough purging of the roll, the loss of many by death and removal from town and the stealing of a large number by the worst proselyting organization I ever knew, calling itself "The Broad Street Church of Christ." But their real gain was small, and our real loss was not large. During my three years the church gave \$1,643 for benevolences, \$2,150 for old debts, and \$4,232 for ministerial support.

A large amount of good was accomplished, which cannot be expressed by figures. I preached frequently upon the Pentecostal experience and held special services for the teaching of that doctrine. As a result, a large proportion of the members of the church crossed over into the Canaan of perfect love. But I had strong opposition from a section of the church, who did not understand my preaching or did not desire any higher work of grace than they already had. This opposition did not turn me aside from what I believed to be the path of duty or disturb my peace of mind in the slightest degree. But it was hard to bear, and made me very willing to leave at the end of three years.

I received more praise and blame for my preaching at Wellsville than in all the rest of my ministerial career; and more smiles and kind words, and more dark frowns and unkind criticisms, than in any other church of which I was

ever pastor. Wellsville was the place of my greatest popularity, and of my greatest unpopularity. One of the official members said to me the night before I went to conference in 1900: "You are the best preacher we ever had here. I do not think we shall ever have your equal. But you do not possess a bit of tact." I knew what he meant. It was not tactful in me to preach the doctrine of heart purity and urge Christians to be holy. But, of course, he would not say that. So, when I urged him to tell me what he meant, he said: "You never turn around after preaching, and thank the choir." That was the only instance of lack of tact that he could give.

One great blessing came out of my ministry at Wellsville. The opposition which my preaching of full salvation aroused pressed out of my heart and brain a book entitled, "The Victories of Wesley Castle." It came to me one night when I was lying awake, praying for my dear people. It was flashed through my mind in a second, though not as a book, but as a series of ten Sunday evening story sermons. The sermons were preached in great mental and spiritual heat, and then became a book of ten chapters and 210 pages. Nine thousand copies have been sold, two thousand dollars of profit have gone into the work of the Lord, and I have received more than three hundred letters from strangers all over the United States telling of great spiritual blessings received through its perusal. That book would not have

been if I had had perfectly smooth sailing at Wellsville.

While at Wellsville I aided in conducting many camp meetings and holiness conventions in several states of the Union. I spent my vacations in this way, and made several winter trips. Wellsville holds a warm place in my heart. I have visited and preached there many times since the close of my pastorate. I am always received with the greatest cordiality. Many who thought that it was best for me to go at the end of three years manifest great affection for me now. They are my friends. I never thought they were my enemies.

At the conference of 1900 Bishop McCabe put me down for a very desirable two thousand dollar church, and the first draft of appointments put into the hands of the newspaper men had it so. But just before adjournment he decided that I should go to Sentinel Church, Buffalo. That appointment was made against the judgment of the resident bishop, Fowler, the vigorous opposition of the presiding elder of Buffalo District, the advice of the whole Cabinet, I think, and my wishes, I know. Sentinel Church had almost bled to death from an awful debt, and somebody must go there and save the situation. Nobody thought I was the right man except Bishop McCabe. He wrote me after conference, telling me that the appointment was his and that he was sure I would succeed.

I telegraphed Mrs. Winchester that we were going to Sentinel and went home the next day expecting to find her in great depression. But, to my great surprise, I found her rapturously happy. She had had the matter out with the Lord during the night and was sure that we would have success and that the debt would be paid. The Lord had told her so. We did have victory, and it was her faith more than any other human thing that gave us the victory. Her faith never failed in the darkest hour.

How can I tell the story of Sentinel Church in the little space which remains to me? There is enough that might be told to fill a large volume. A poor little society called Eagle Street Church, had built a new edifice valued at \$60,000, seating nearly one thousand persons, and could not pay for it. It had been dedicated in 1892 with a debt of \$29,000. With the most heroic efforts Pastor E. P. Hubbell, in five years, got everything actually paid but \$18,000. When I went onto the ground, three years later I found the \$18,000 sticking fast and an additional thousand, which had been borrowed to pay interest. The church was utterly discouraged and almost hopeless. There were 354 names of members on the roll, but very many of them could not be found; all of them were living on small incomes, and most of them were poor people living by the labor of their hands. The cost of warming, lighting, insuring and caring for such a large building

was very heavy, and the interest bill was \$885 a year. Hardly a spark of hope remained in any breast. A more desperate situation could hardly be imagined.

We went to work, trusting in God and feeling sure of victory. At the end of two years the debt was down to three thousand dollars. How was that wonderful result achieved? The Board of Church Extension gave us five thousand dollars. Five thousand dollars was contributed by Buffalo Methodism outside of Sentinel parish, most of which I secured by personal solicitation from house to house and from office to office. Six thousand is to be put to the credit of Sentinel alone. Of Sentinel's six thousand, fifteen hundred came from the sale of my book, "The Victories of Wesley Castle;" Mrs. Winchester made \$550 by taking Pan-American boarders, and Sentinel people gave the rest out of their penury. It seems like a miracle, as I look back upon it. I will give a few instances, to show how six thousand was raised. A young lady who had just begun to teach school, came to me one day and put twenty-five dollars in my hand, with the words: "I have just drawn my first pay for teaching. This is the first money I ever earned in my life." Mrs. Winchester went one day to see a member of the church, whose husband was a Romanist, intending to ask for two hundred dollars. I told her before she went that she would get about fifty. She came back with five hundred from the man,

whom she was disappointed to find at home. Months after, when I was in a tight place in trying to secure \$1,000 at one of the interest dates, I went to the same Roman Catholic and boldly told him that I must have three hundred dollars from him, and got it instantly. I acquired such boldness and faith that I was scarcely ever refused when I asked for money for Sentinel Church. Besides raising six thousand dollars in two years for the principal of the debt, Sentinel raised over six thousand dollars for interest, salaries, current expenses and the benevolences. Where did all that money come from? Such giving I never saw anywhere else.

While I was doing all this financial work along with all my regular work as a pastor, I found time to assist in the conduct of six camp meetings in four different states.

I made a great mistake in leaving Sentinel Church at the end of two years. I left against the advice of my wife and everybody else who gave any advice. I was tired from my financial work; I had had no revival; I could not see that any spiritual results had been gained; I thought somebody could come and pay off the remaining three thousand dollars of debt and have a great revival. That was the way I felt, although I had had large congregations and an average attendance in Sunday school of 450.

At the conference of 1901 I asked to be appointed conference evangelist. My request was

granted, and I made Kenmore, a suburb of Buffalo, my home. I held revival meetings, assisting pastors, in the States of Michigan and Iowa, and in five different places in the state of New York. I enjoyed the work exceedingly. From the 19th of October to the 5th of March, 147 days, I preached 123 times and felt almost as fresh at the end of the season as at the beginning. In doing this evangelistic work I traveled 4,276 miles. I saw many souls converted and was greatly strengthened in soul myself.

CHAPTER XXXII.

EDITOR, COLLEGE PRESIDENT AND FINIS.

In the spring of 1903 I accepted the editorship of "The Christian Uplook," formerly "The Buffalo Christian Advocate," without any responsibility for its financial management. My name first appeared in the issue of May 21, though my work really began April 23. I found the editorial tripod a very comfortable seat, and the work of an editor very congenial. If the paper had had a strong financial backing, I think I could have made it a great success. It was in its fifty-fourth year when I took hold, and had filled a place of great usefulness in the life of our church. But it was near its end and, soon after I retired from the sanctum, it was merged in the "Northern Christian Advocate."

While "The Uplook" was a family paper, and was the vehicle of church news for several conferences and the church in general, and discussed all sorts of questions of reform and social betterment, and contained some secular intelligence, I tried to make it intensely spiritual. In its columns I gave great prominence to the distinctive doctrines of Methodism, especially to that which Wesley called "the grand depositum," the doctrine of entire sanctification as a distinct work of grace

subsequent to conversion. Beside my work in the editorial chair, I went about among the churches preaching the gospel and representing my paper, with a view to the increase of its circulation. Remembering that I was still conference evangelist, I did some work in that line. In September I made an evangelistic trip to the borough of Brooklyn.

At the conference session of 1903 Bishop Goodsell appointed me editor of "The Christian Up-look."

November 6, 1903, I received a telegram announcing my election to the presidency of Taylor University, Upland, Indiana. I had been informed that my name was before the trustees and had been asked if I would accept the office. My answer was that, if elected, I would give my decision after having visited the institution and examined the situation. November 12, I went to Upland. The place was not inviting, a large campus, irregularly dotted with eighteen buildings, one mile from a poor little village of about a thousand inhabitants. But when I saw the students I was wonderfully drawn toward them. They came to the station to meet me, led by the faculty and local trustees. They came with banners and University and class yells and smiling faces and overflowing cheer and enthusiasm. They escorted me to the chapel. There I took them all in at a glance. I heard their glad and glorious singing. They came up, at the close of

the exercises, and held out their hands and begged me to come and be their leader and father. I was strongly impressed that the call to Taylor was the call of God. And yet I did not give a positive answer till November 18, when I telegraphed "Yes." I assumed the duties of my office January 13, 1904.

I was at Taylor University nearly four years, finishing the year of my election and adding three full years thereto. Three times I was appointed to my work by the bishop presiding over Genesee Conference. That was a very eventful period of my life. How can I describe it in the space which remains to me! Taylor University was named for William Taylor, missionary bishop of Africa. It is a Methodist institution; but is not owned or controlled by the Church. Its trustees are elected by the National Association of Local Preachers. It has a regular College of Liberal Arts, with four four-year courses; academy, to prepare students for college; a School of Theology; a School of Oratory; and a School of Music. When I was there, there were seventeen instructors and about two hundred and fifty students, gathered from thirty states and foreign lands. Nearly every student roomed and boarded on the campus. Students and teachers were one community. Taylor had the finest body of young men and women that I ever saw. There were about twice as many men as women. Nearly everyone was in preparation for the ministry or for work in the field of foreign

or home missions. The government of the institution was easy. Nearly all the students wanted to do exactly right. Most of them were poor, and our rates for board and tuition were very low. Many paid their way, wholly or partly, by work in kitchen, or dining room or elsewhere. The motto of the school was "Holiness unto the Lord." The doctrine of Christian holiness was made prominent in all the teachings and exercises and life of the institution. It was usually spoken of as a "holiness" school, and we were not ashamed of the name. The spiritual atmosphere of the place was very vital and warm, and, sometimes, positively hot. It was almost impossible for an unconverted student to stay unconverted, or for one who came a Christian to avoid entering the Canaan of perfect love. The prayer meetings were simply marvelous. There was never a word of urging to pray or testify. The only difficulty the leader of a meeting ever had was to stop his team after he had spoken the word "Go." There was no football in the school, or secret fraternities or destructive higher criticism. It was the best place for a young person to get an education that I ever knew.

I worked very hard at Taylor; it was the most laborious period of my life. I was responsible for everything. I taught the Greek Testament when I was at home; and traveled all over the North and East and West, hunting for money and students and preaching the gospel of full sal-

vation. I went as far east as Maine; as far west as Western Kansas; as far north as North Dakota; as far south as Baltimore. I preached in sixty places in the state of Indiana. I picked up about twenty thousand dollars in cash and secured the writing of several fine bequests, which have since been paid. I can only begin to describe my work.

I left Taylor because a splendid chance to make it a great institution, by removing it to the flourishing city of Muncie, failed through local selfishness and meanness and vindictiveness. It might have been a good-sized miniature of the removal of Genesee College to Syracuse. With me resigned nearly the whole faculty.

In the fall of 1907 Bishop Berry appointed me to Seneca Street Church, Buffalo. I had a pleasant and successful year, and a very cordial and flattering invitation to remain. I just used the word pleasant. It would have been a very pleasant year but for the illness of my wife. That fact compelled me to leave Seneca Street. Mrs. Winchester could not breathe the vitiated air of that locality. So I removed to Kenmore and was appointed second preacher at Seneca Street, which was merely nominal. December 16, 1908, the saddest event of my life took place—the death of the wife of my youth, who had walked by my side and been an unspeakable joy and inspiration and help for more than forty years. She was the most unselfish person I ever knew, the most devoted to God, mighty in faith, skillful in win-

ning souls. That year I rested and read and wrote, and preached wherever there was an opening.

At the conference of 1909 I was appointed to Port Alleghany, Pa. I had a very pleasant pastorate of two years. I call it pleasant because everybody was kind and wanted me and praised my preaching, and my salary was paid more promptly than by any church that I had ever served. I never heard a word of criticism of anything I ever did or said at Port Allegany, although I preached the full gospel as hot and heavy as I knew how. And yet I am not sure that I did any good. The people seemed to drink in my preaching and I always had great liberty in giving God's message; but they did not do the things I told them they ought to do. I am sure that I have not changed since I began to preach; but the times have changed. It is much harder to make things spiritual go than it was forty years ago; and there is much less power in the church. I left the Port, though strongly urged to stay, because I wanted my granddaughter, who with her widowed mother, lives with me, in a New York school.

While residing at Port Allegany, I was married, April 6, 1910, to a lady who had been a most intimate friend of my first wife, and, for many years, had lived in our home. She died at Olean, September 22, 1912. Her loss was a very severe blow.

Aside from the illness and death of Mrs. Winchester, and the sickness of my daughter, I had two delightful years of Ninth Street Church, Olean. The people were kind and appreciative beyond my power to describe. I was unable to accomplish much in the way of winning souls to Christ, though there was some such fruit; but I was permitted to see the Sunday congregations greatly increased; the financial condition wonderfully improved, the pastor's salary increased and paid to date every week; the benevolences multiplied by more than three; the parsonage debt diminished; the prayer meeting built up; and the whole society lifted to a higher plane in spiritual things and in every way. I am sure that I was never more popular and acceptable in any pastorate than this last one. Nobody seemed to think that I was getting old. I am sure that I never did better work in my life. I read more books, prepared more new sermons, did more thinking and made more pastoral visits than in any other equal portion of my entire ministry.

My daughter was very ill at Olean. I believed that the climate there was bad for her. I was sure she would be better at Buffalo. I was facing the sunset of life. It would be better to step out when I was wanted than to "lag superfluous on the stage." It was very hard to tear myself away from the dear Ninth Street people. They clung to me with great tenacity, but I choked down my feelings and said: "I shall go." And so, on the

13th day of October, 1913, at my request, the Genesee Conference put my name upon the list of the "retired."

What have these fifty years amounted to? What have I accomplished? Not much. Sometimes my life seems to me to have been almost a failure. I often ask myself whether the promise which I thought was made to me in Sister Barber's parlor that I should have great trials and afflictions, but wonderful victories and great success, has been fulfilled. I know the first part has. I believe the second part has, though I cannot see it very plainly.

I will close this long series with a brief summing up. I have preached 5,070 sermons, delivered 200 lectures, conducted 435 funerals, married 335 couples, baptized 537 persons and received 641 on probation. As nearly as I can tell, 1,000 persons have professed conversion under my labors. I am confident that I might have had four times as many professed converts, had I used the machinery of Mr. Sunday and other evangelists of the present day—"hitting the trail" and signing cards; but I do not believe that the real conversions would have been any more.

I have traveled more than two hundred thousand miles.

FINIS.

